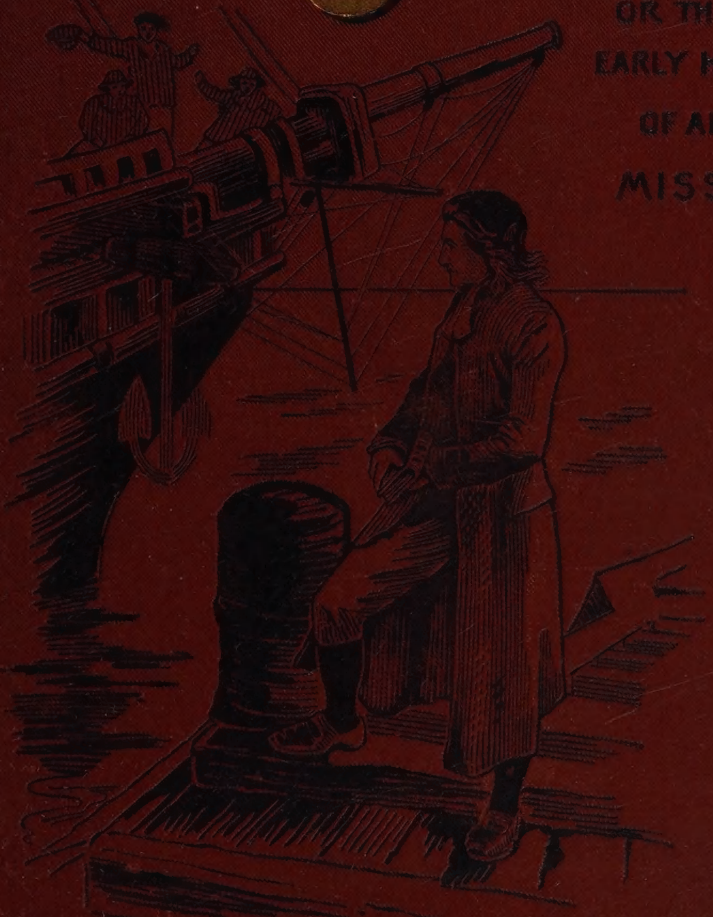
School of Theology at Claremont
1001 1414513

GREENLAND SNOWS

OR THE EARLY HISTORY OF ARCTIC MISSIONS

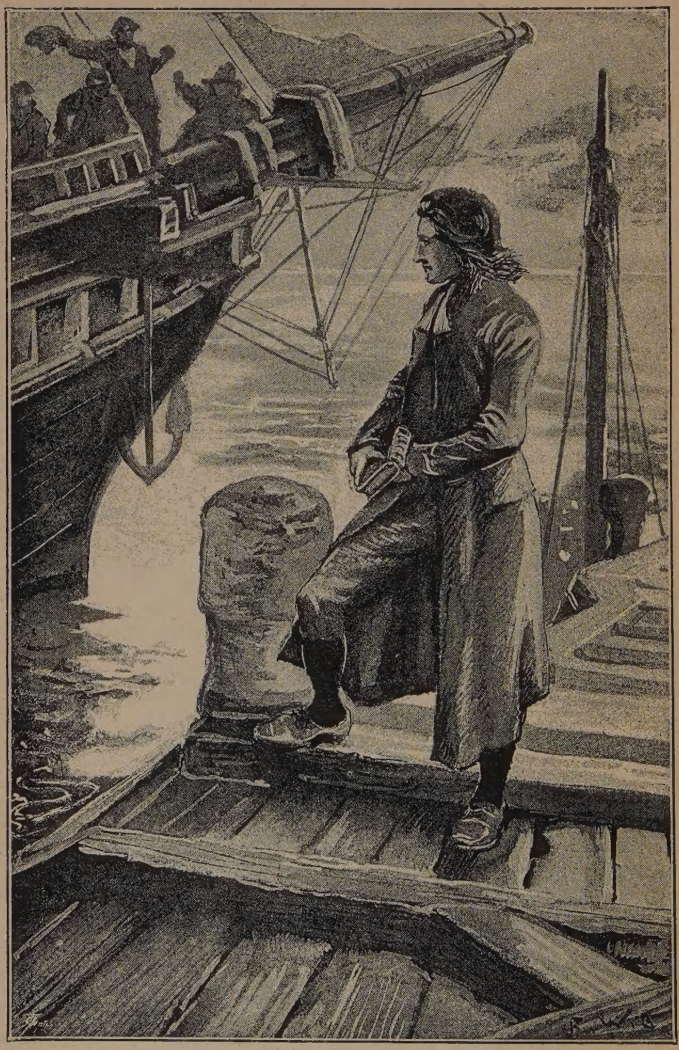


BY JESSE PAGE

The Library

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY AT CLAREMONT

WEST FOOTHILL AT COLLEGE AVENUE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA



"THE SAILORS MARVEL AS THEY SEE HIM GAZING WISTFULLY AFTER THE DEPARTING SHIPS." —*p.* 40.

AMID GREENLAND SNOWS

OR

The Early History of Arctic Missions.

E
99
E7
P13

BY

JESSE PAGE

AUTHOR OF "DAVID BRAINERD, THE APOSTLE TO THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS;" "SAMUEL CROWTHER, THE SLAVE BOY WHO BECAME BISHOP OF THE NIGER;" "C. H. SPURGEON, HIS LIFE AND MINISTRY," ETC., ETC.

Who will the heathen of the Arctic save?
Brave souls in answer willingly arose
To bear His Cross of Peace, and heal the woes
Of those who knew no hope beyond the grave.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO

Publishers of Evangelical Literature.

EGEDE TENDING THE SICK.

PREFACE.

LITTLE is said about the Arctic regions in the history of Christian Missions. And yet I am bold enough to think that a perusal of these pages will justify the statement that in the neighbourhood of the North Pole there has been as patient and heroic endeavour in the cause of the Cross as in the fiery zone of the Equator. The workers have been fewer and undistinguished, but they were men singularly free from ostentation, content to keep pegging away at the work as it lay ready to

A6139

hand. The genuine missionary spirit burned in their breast, while the conditions under which they have laboured were trying to the last degree. If patience is a special quality of the true missionary, these saints surely had a double portion of it. In their experience this virtue had its perfect work, and if there is one characteristic more than another which strikes the student of their life, it is their marvellous endurance of heart and purpose when, humanly speaking, the prospect seemed hopeless indeed. Such men deserve to be remembered with honour.

Hans Egede, the principal figure in this present volume, was a man of such stamp and mould.

When I first began the work of research, he was to me comparatively unknown, for scarcely anything about him appears in the literature of this generation, and his fuller history lies hidden in scarce volumes of Norwegian, Danish, and German biography. As I pored over the yellow, time-stained pages of some old calf-bound English octavos, life began again to stir within them, and slowly the personality of this remarkable man became vivid on the horizon of that far-off time. Gradually as the focus cleared the intercepting haze, I seemed to look into the eyes of this man, so full of pleading love and loyal patience, as he stood by the side of his Greenlanders in the snow. Certainly I shall be satisfied if in even a modified degree my portrayal of Egede helps others to share my fellowship with this simple and beautiful character. A trifle old-fashioned he may seem in

thought as in dress, but he stands in the line of saintly succession, and drank of the same Divine fount which inspired the heart of St. Paul.

In describing the habits of life and religious ideas of the Greenlanders, it will be found that the following pages deal more especially with the natives as Egede found them; their subsequent contact with European traders, and the wide-spread teaching of Christianity have, of course, considerably modified these characteristics. Although usually credited with mental sluggishness, these Greenlanders were evidently quick-witted enough in arguments with the missionaries, and the reader will, no doubt, be struck with the family likeness between many of the objections of these poor philosophers in fur and the difficulties raised by so-called lovers of wisdom to-day. But while we recognise the old shadow darkening their intelligence and pity them in their ignorance, we also see in their case the demonstration of that Divine energy by which the Sun of Righteousness chases away all clouds and brings to the heart of man light and peace. Like most pioneers it was not given to Egede to see the full fruition of his labours, but in those years of tearful sowing he beheld, like Abraham, by faith the promise of God fulfilled, and died in sight of that glorious harvest which his successors reaped.

The Moravian Brethren who took up the thread of his work, and have quietly and steadfastly maintained it until this day, deserve a much better record than

the limits of these pages will allow. The names of Christian and Matthew Stach, John Beck, Christian David, and Frederic Boehnish are among the "honourables," and ought not to be forgotten. They laid the foundations of that extensive work among the inhabitants of these Polar regions, which the Brethren have continued to prosecute ever since. What the Methodists have been in Fiji, so the Moravians have been to Greenland and the neighbouring countries.

Perhaps now-a-days we are apt to overlook our obligations to that devout, inoffensive, and yet spiritually aggressive people, from whom indirectly sprang some of the famous revivals of our time. Stimulated by persecution, and cleansed by suffering, they have passed on the fiery Cross of unswerving loyalty to Christ and the teaching of Holy Scripture.

I cannot sufficiently acknowledge the courtesy with which the archives of the Moravian Society have been placed at my disposal in preparing this work.

Now, gentle reader, I put my little book into your hand, trusting that God may graciously use it to your profit and His everlasting praise.

EGEDE PREACHING ON A FIORD.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

THE FROZEN FIELD AND ITS HISTORY, ... 11

CHAPTER II.

A CRY FROM MACEDON, ... 24

CHAPTER III.

DISAPPOINTMENTS AND DELIVERANCE, ... 36

CHAPTER IV.

PAGE

ALMOST ABANDONED, ... 50

CHAPTER V.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW, ... 62

CHAPTER VI.

THE MORAVIANS COME, ... 75

CHAPTER VII.

PESTILENCE AND PATIENCE, ... 88

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW THE GREENLANDERS LIVE, ... 108

CHAPTER IX.

THEIR RELIGIOUS IDEAS AND SUPERSTITIONS, . . 121

CHAPTER X.

THE STORY OF KAJARNAK, ... 135

CHAPTER XI.

GOD'S WORK GOES ON, ... 150

AMID GREENLAND SNOWS.

CHAPTER I.

THE FROZEN FIELD AND ITS HISTORY.

Land of the wintry wind and cold !
Icelocked is thy breast, the bravest and best
Shrouded in snow lie silent at rest,
Their sufferings and struggles untold.

IN the fascinating story of discovery and adventure two portions of the globe have had a special interest, one, the Dark Continent of the African Equator, the other, the equally gloomy regions of the Arctic circle. In the case of the former, modern explorers have rapidly filled up what used to be great spaces on our maps, and where civilisation has not yet planted her towns and communities, the footfall of the traveller has been heard in its lonely solitudes, and the secret places have been traversed from shore to shore. The mystery of Africa is

shrinking year by year, and the day is not far distant when the flags of the European nations shall wave over every province of the land.

Not so, however, with the shadowy regions of ice which girdle the North Pole. Progress thither has been slow and difficult. Yet its explorers have been ever most persevering and brave. If Africa can boast of her Livingstone and Stanley, the Arctic has her Frobisher and her Franklin, to mention none other of the undaunted pioneers who penetrated her frosty solitudes only to be clasped in her icy arms, never to return. In tragic disappointment it surpasses in its history all other fields of discovery. Again and again have vessels, freighted with adventurous hearts, sailed forth for the north, and as the months and years passed by empty-handed, the weary eyes at home have watched in vain for their returning sail, and have wept for those who far away have found a grave of snow. It is this fatal uncertainty which enshrouds the polar regions with mystery. And yet some of the bravest have constantly turned their faces thither, and striven in their turn to penetrate the veil, only to meet with disappointment and to return, bearing back a few precious relics of the dead. Then they tell their tale, and by the firesides at home the recital of their escapes and trials stirs the hearts of the listeners. What a wonderful world have they seen! There the sun glows like a fiery ball in the midnight sky, though the light be dim, across the plains where there is never a tree or flower or blade of grass, where huge mountains of glistening ice slowly float in fantastic procession against the deep blue firmament, where no sound is heard save the shriek

of clouds of wildfowl or the hoarse roar of the white bear as it splashes across the ice to its lair. A land of desolate gloom, save that above its vast moving fields of white, like the spirits of the old Vikings above their ancient graves, the mighty sky is resplendent with myriads of flashing spears of light.

Not less strange are the little, tawny people, clothed in fur skins and creeping in and out of molehills of snow, or skimming the water in their light canoes. Their land is alive with pathetic history. They can tell how strong ships have been nipped and crushed like toys between the ice floes, or frozen up for months under a thick crust of snow. Every spot has some history of the living or the dead, of eager and sorrowful search, of men straining their eyes as they scan the cliffs for some vestige of a cairn, of bits of coal and buttons picked up with religious care, of tear-stained cheeks at the sight of a few blanched bones—the dear and mute mementoes of lost brothers. What a thrilling history has this lone white land!

One of the earliest discoverers in the Polar seas was Frobisher, the gallant admiral of Queen Elizabeth, who left England on the 15th June, 1576, with three vessels, one of which was lost off the coast of Greenland in a fog. Another deserted and returned home with the false news of the death of Frobisher, but his own ship, the *Gabriel*, reached the Strait afterwards to bear his name, and there landed some men. Several of these were captured by the natives, and on a second visit to rescue them they failed to appear, and whether they were really killed or passed inland to live with the natives has remained a mystery to this day. The principal feature of Frobisher's visit

was the discovery of gold ore, which attracted a great number of miners and refiners to these inhospitable

MAP OF GREENLAND.

shores in pursuit of wealth they never won. After a relapse of three hundred years the relics of Frobisher's

expedition were discovered by Captain C. F. Hall, who thus narrates the incident in his interesting work, "Life with the Esquimaux." He is writing in his journal under date Sunday, 11th August, 1861, and with great difficulty he had managed to explain to an Esquimaux woman, by name Koo-ou-le-arng, that he was in search of brick, iron, and coal, and together they set out for a certain spot upon the island of Niountelik. He writes:—

"Gaining the top of the island we made search there for relics, but found none. I looked especially for some signs of a stone monument which I conceived Frobisher might in his day (if he visited this island) have erected, this being the highest point of the whole island. But none whatever could I find. Thence we directed our way down to a small grassy slope, not far from the termination of the island. Here we made careful search, but without finding anything that I so ardently wished. Thence we commenced to make a circuit of the island, moving along as near the coast as the bluff rocks would permit, keeping the main island on our right—that is continuing north-west, thence north-east and west. At the north-west end of the island we found abundance of evidence that Inuits (Esquimaux) had made Niountelik a stopping-place. There we saw the usual circles of stones, always to be seen where Inuits have had their tupics (summer tents). We saw seal, walrus, tuktoo (reindeer), oratuck (duck), and various other bones in abundance, some moss-aged, and some nearly fresh, of not more than two or three years exposure. Here we found also small pieces of wood, some with the ends charred, small pieces of tuktoo

skins, and one relic of civilisation, a piece of an old calico dress! This did not excite us as a matter extraordinary, as I knew that the whalers now visit every year the inlet at the north known as 'Northumberland Inlet' (the 'Cumberland Straits' of Davis), and distribute freely among the Inuits various articles of civilisation, especially cast-off calico dresses that they have brought from the States or from England, which are highly prized by the Inuit women. It is rare to find at the present day a native family that does not possess something of the kind.

"We continued on around the island, finding every few fathoms of our progress numerous Inuit relics. At length we arrived at a plain that extended back a considerable distance from the coast. Here we recognised on our right the point to which we first directed our steps on reaching the high bank after leaving the boat.

"I was several fathoms in advance of Koo-ou-le-arng, hastening on, being desirous of making as extended a search as the brief remaining daylight would allow, when lifting up my eyes from the ground near me I discovered a considerable distance ahead an object of unusual appearance. But a second look satisfied me that what I saw were simply stones scattered about and covered with black moss. I continued my course, keeping as near the coast as possible. I was now nearing the spot where I had first discovered the black object. It again met my view, and my original thought on first seeing it resumed at once the ascendency in my mind. I hastened to the spot.

"'Great God! Thou hast rewarded me in my

search,' was the sentiment which came overwhelmingly into my thankful soul, on casting my eyes all around, seeing and feeling the character (moss-aged, for some of the pieces I saw had pellicles of black moss on them) of the relics before and under me,

FINDING FROBISHER RELICS AFTER THREE CENTURIES.

I felt as—I cannot tell what my feelings were. What I saw before me was the *sea coal* of Frobisher's expedition of 1578, left here nearly three centuries ago!"

Perhaps the most notable event which has attracted public attention to the Arctic regions, was the expedition of, and subsequent searches for, Sir John Franklin and his brave companions. He sailed from England in the summer of 1845, with the two ships, *Erebus* and *Terror*, but as months and years passed on, without word or sign from the explorers, the desire to go in search of them became widespread.

All sorts of wild conjectures were afloat as to the probable existence and whereabouts of the absent ones, and schemes, some fantastic enough, were suggested for their recovery. Strange dreams and visions, pointing to certain spots in the Arctic circle, filled everybody's mind with eager curiosity; one of the most remarkable being that of Parker Snow, who, in 1850, stated that, at three o'clock in the morning of the 7th of January, he saw, on the wall of his room, a picture representing a region of ice at the end of King William's Land and the estuary of Great Fish River, with the two deserted ships embedded in the ice, and along the shore the lifeless bodies of several men. At that time nothing whatever had been heard of the ill-fated expedition, but when Captain M'Clintock, nine years afterwards, reached this spot, so strangely indicated, it was to find the relics of the expedition. Sir John Franklin, it was found, died on the 11th of June, 1847, and the ships were abandoned on the 22nd of April, 1848, the survivors, 105 in number, moving southward. When M'Clintock returned with the sad tidings of the loss of the expedition, it was by no means convincing to all that the need for further search had been closed. Many believed that the missing men had gone farther north and became like

the Esquimaux, and that the day might yet come when some, at anyrate, of the descendants of the survivors would be found.

Since then the Arctic regions have been the scene of many noble enterprises, and if this present work had for its object the recital of Polar adventures, and the heroes who have there distinguished themselves, much

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

might be written. But this is the story of missionary pioneering, and its interest must be focussed upon one Polar country—that of Greenland. Here, as elsewhere, the missionary has led the way, and the Cross has preceded the flag of commerce. Brave as the Arctic explorers have been, they have not exceeded, in valour and patience, those who, for the sake of Christ

and His kingdom, alone have suffered and toiled in the white fields of the far north. Their names are forgotten in history, but they are inscribed in heaven, and the story of their deeds would enforce the great truth that, when the heart of a man is filled with a Divine purpose, he becomes truly great in suffering, as in doing, and merits a hero's reward.

What is the early history of Greenland? The ancient Scandinavian records answer from the far past of the ninth century. There we find that Harold Haarfagar was king of Norway, and his son, Eric, the Redheaded, flying from justice, found "that one Gunbiœrn had discovered, in the best part of the island, not only some cliffs where there were plenty of fish, which got from him the name of Gunbiœrn's Shears, but that he espied a Continent further west. The fugitive Eric being adjudged to a three years' banishment, sought this land, and the first point of it he discovered was Herjolfs Ness; he coasted along south-west, and wintered at an agreeable island near a Sound, which he called Eric's Sound. The next year he examined the mainland, and the third year went to Iceland.

"In order to entice people to go to his new country he called it Greenland, and pointed it out as such an excellent place for pasture, wood, and fish, that the next year he was followed thither by twenty-five ships full of colonists, who had furnished themselves richly with household goods and cattle of all sorts; but only fourteen of these ships arrived. In process of time colonies came after, both out of Iceland and Norway, and stocked the country with inhabitants, by degrees, both in the east and west side, so that they have been

computed to be a third part as numerous as a Danish Episcopal diocese."

Christianity came first to Greenland in the year 999, when Leif, the son of Eric, having been baptised in Norway, came to preach to the Greenland colonists, and after the fashion of the day, baptised the king and all his mighty men. The first bishop was Arnold, who in 1121 was appointed there by the Papal authorities in Rome; but before that time, in 835, the people there were evidently under the notice of Rome, for in that year Pope Gregory in a bull he issued specially commends the conversion of the Greenlanders, and commits them to the care of Ausgarius, the Archbishop of Hamburg, under Lewis, the Pious. By this time over 300 villages had sprung up in the land, and the ruins of some of their churches remain to this day. One of the most interesting of these is that of Ericsfiord, the walls of which are still standing, and the arched windows and doors in comparatively good condition. One who visited it in 1871, says:—"A single inscription on a tombstone, carved in Runic characters, is all the record that remains besides the crumbled walls. This inscription reads:—

VIGDIS, DAUGHTER OF M***, RESTS HERE.
MAY GOD REJOICE HER SOUL.

And may God rejoice in the souls of all these worthies of the olden time! I could not fail to experience a feeling of sadness as I stood beside the tombs of a people now utterly extinct. It seemed as if voices from the past were speaking to me from

out the crumbling church, from the almonry where the priest dispensed his alms, from the holy water stoup, from the tombstones bearing the sacred emblems of our Christian faith; from everywhere, indeed, there was a silent whispering that here a Christian people once dwelt in peace, and from temples dedicated to Almighty God arose their anthems of praise above the glittering crests of snow."

After fourteen bishops had in succession ruled this prosperous Church, a fearful calamity occurred in the fifteenth century, when the wild and lawless hordes, known as the Skrællings, swept down upon the colony and utterly destroyed it. It was an awful and a costly struggle for life; the colonists with their superior weapons strove in vain, for not only did the hills swarm with these savages, but a huge fleet of ships assailed them from the sea. The records which remain of this terrible time are few and meagre. In 1446, the Pope mentions it in writing to the Bishop of Iceland, and speaks sadly of "our beloved children," whose church has been so ruthlessly destroyed, and especially of such survivors as have been carried into slavery.

With this extinction of the colony of Northmen the veil of mist seems to settle over Greenland, and for centuries that gloom was undispelled. The Cross with its witnesses had been borne down in conflict with Paganism, and the history of what had been was read with tears by the confessors of the faith in other lands. For the saints were not forgotten. Although from such slender evidence as the ancient historians had left behind, it seemed that the Christ-

ian settlements there had been blotted out, still men hoped against hope that all might not be lost. Perhaps the onrush of that savage horde had exhausted itself before the end was reached. Was it possible that, after all, the Church in Greenland had not been utterly annihilated, and that some feeble remnant might yet be remaining faithful? Who would go forth to find these lost tribes of Israel? Such thoughts as these were destined one day to stir the heart of a true and faithful standard-bearer of the Cross of Christ.

ANCIENT CROSS OVER GREENLAND GRAVE.

VAAGEN CHURCH AND EGEDE'S PARSONAGE.

CHAPTER II.

A CRY FROM MACEDON.

"Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth and righteousness and Thee
Lord of my life, I come!"

THE attraction of hidden treasure has often prompted the first steps in the untrodden pathways of discovery, and it was so with Greenland. The great lone land of the far north was often in the thoughts of adventurous spirits on the continent of Europe. From time to time belated navigators came home with rent cordage and broken spars to tell of a land which they had seen and believed to be rich in mineral wealth, only waiting for strong hands to win it.

So far back as the thirteenth century, when the Iceland people noticed huge masses of drift snow and

ice blown on to their shores by a strong north wind, bearing, as on rafts, some white bears, the desire to find out this unknown country tempted many to take ship and steer thither. But they found the ice barrier everywhere blocking the way, and the sailors came back, circulating the wildest stories, full of romance, about the wonderful land hidden away behind the glaciers and hills of glistening snow. An old chronicler seriously defends the rumours afloat of its hidden treasure.

"In Greenland forsooth," saith he, "there must be gold too, because it stands in the version of the Book of Job, chapter xxxvii., verse 22, 'Gold cometh out of the north,' and because Theophrastus Paracelsus has predicted more valuable gold mines there than in the East." The same historian gives us an account of the fruitless efforts made by one of the Danish expeditions.

"In the year 1636 a company of merchants in Copenhagen sent two ships into the Straits under the patronage of the Chancellor Christian Friis, and they traded with the natives. One of the sailors found a shining sand on the shore which looked like gold and was very heavy. Then they thought they had found an Ophir or a Peru, and loaded both ships full. But when it came to be assayed at Copenhagen it was nothing but sand, and the Chancellor threw the whole lading into the sea. Yet when a foreign artist extracted genuine gold out of a sand found in Norway just like this, they repented of this precipitate affair; but meanwhile the captain, dying of vexation, they could not find the place again. These also seized two Greenlanders and took them with them;

when they came out into the middle of the ocean they let them come upon deck, and the poor creatures sprang into the sea out of love for their country and were probably drowned."

Other voyages were equally unsuccessful, and at last the fever of enterprise died down, and Greenland, with its reputed gold mines as well as its more authentic Church history, sank into oblivion. For nearly half-a-century the silence and the mystery of the dark continent of the North continued unbroken. But what the greed of gold cannot accomplish, the love of God can do, and in this its moment of darkest desolation, daybreak was to arise on Greenland.

It is the old, old story of the beginning of all great works. The Divine call came to one hidden, insignificant, and obscure as regards this world, but in the decree of Heaven the chosen servant for a special mission from God to man. And in this wise came the call from Macedonia.

Among the little group of islands which lie off the Norwegian coast lived a young man in the early days of the eighteenth century. He was new to the place and the people, having only recently left his college door at Copenhagen to take the pastoral care of the simple fisher folk. The steeple of his little church was seen over the cottages of Vaagen, and from its pulpit and amid its streets the faithful parson

> "Allured to brighter worlds
> And led the way."

In his work he had a faithful helpmate, who, with him, passed from door to door tending the sick, warn-

ing the unruly, and in simple, humble ways glorifying God. Sometimes the young pastor would go out with the fishermen in their boats; the friend of all, he was trusted and loved. Such was Hans Egede in the year 1708, and to all appearances he was destined to remain among his people through the long years until his hair should be whitened with age. But He in whose service he was had other work for the young pastor, and was about to lead him forth to a distant land. He remembered having, in his college days, read some old books, to which he now gave a closer attention. These were the stirring records of the fate of those Christian settlements in Greenland referred to in the previous chapter. He had found them in his library, and he could not get away from the attraction of their pages. For hours he nourished the deep yearnings of his breast by reading the history of that early Church which had once existed beyond those heights of snow, and which had been for so many long years lost in obscurity. The years had passed without a sign from over the sea, and as Hans Egede stood upon the hill behind his church and looked across the ocean, strange longings seized him. "Was it possible," he kept asking himself, "that yonder some feeble remnant of Christians still remained who cherished the faith and memory of their forefathers, and waited, all in vain, for succour from Europe?" Who shall go, then, to these shepherdless ones? The question burned in his heart. His fisher-folk began to notice the pallor of his thought-worn face, as, with abstracted gaze, he walked along the shore; and they wondered mightily what perplexed their pastor's mind. They never guessed the conflict

that was raging in his bosom; how a voice was ringing in his ears calling him away, and how, looking into the faces of his simple people, he shrank from leaving them. He had every reason to stay. The comforts of his quiet, little home; the little children growing like olive branches around his table, and the devotion of his flock, all bade him stay. But above all these considerations rose ever the recurring cry, "Greenland calls you; will you not come over and help us?" Occasionally he heard news, bare and meagre bits of intelligence, about the distant land from fishermen and traders who put into the little port, and these tidings whetted his desire to go. And yet Egede was a most modest and retiring man, and it was quite natural that he should constantly ask himself whether, after all, he was good enough for so great and noble an enterprise? He thought, at any rate, his first duty was to draw up some sort of memorial of the need of action, in the hope that it might come into the hands of some one worthy to carry it to a successful issue. So, in 1710, he prepared his appeal to the Christian Church on behalf of the Greenlanders, and despatched it to Randolph, Bishop of Bergen, the port from which most of the fishing trade with Greenland was carried on. Another copy he sent to his own bishop, Krog of Drontheim, and waited anxiously the result. A year seems to have passed away, a long strain of patience for poor Egede! And when, in 1711, the episcopal message did arrive, it commended his zeal and promised to bear his poor clients in mind. But for the present no such enterprise could be thought of. The war with Sweden filled the public mind and drained the national coffers; and then again the

BERGEN.

terrible sufferings which others had undergone in times past would deter their countrymen from exposing themselves to new dangers. But the bishop was quite alive to the remarkable results which would flow from such a venture if it proved successful. In the end both bishops promised to bring the subject under the notice of the king of Denmark.

When it got abroad in the little village that Hans Egede had taken up the cause of the Greenlanders and might himself sally forth to find them, there arose a turbulent opposition among his parishioners and friends. They assailed him with remonstrances, and finding these of no avail, declared their pastor was mad and held aloof from him. His position was like that of Christian when he prepared to flee from the City of Destruction. Wherever he went in the old, familiar streets he met glances of anger or pity, and the whole place had evidently resolved to let their hair-brained parson severely alone. This was not the worst he had to bear. He had taken his wife at once into his confidence and to her consternation had announced his intention to go away as a missionary. She resolutely opposed the idea, pleaded his love for her, and pointed to the children whose lives would be full of hardship and suffering if he persevered in his intention. Her mother, who seems to have shared their home, added her voice to the general outcry, till poor Egede, well-nigh torn with contending claims, was almost beside himself. He lifted up his heart to God and heard the words, "He that loveth father and mother or wife or child more than Me is not worthy of Me."

At last the elders of his church came in solemn

order as a deputation to the parsonage and portrayed in moving terms what grief and dismay their pastor's new ideas were entailing upon the people. Egede reasoned with them as best he could, and pointed out how much he felt the urgency of the call of God to give himself to Greenland. The conference ended, an old whiteheaded man stepped up and laying his hand upon the shoulder of Egede, said, "Wait and see what the will of the Lord is. If it is His will for you to go, He will give you a sign that none of us shall be able to gainsay."

So he resolved to wait.

But the sign came in due time and in a way and from a quarter least expected. Sometimes when we are looking into the sky for a Divine indication we find the providential guidance much nearer the ground. The excitement which his proposal had caused quite unsettled the church, and he began to see that the hold he had formerly on his people had gone. The old, sweet harmony and confidence had melted away, and in place of it a bitter feeling and the cackle of slanderous tongues were making his life miserable. The trouble reached the manse, and his wife, who had striven so earnestly to persuade him to stay, now found herself the object of petty persecutions and unfeeling treatment.

"I shall never find happiness in Vaagen any more."

Then he appealed to her again in this crisis. Did not this seem like a shaking of the nest? Was it not an indication that their work at Vaagen was done, and that their eyes must look beyond the sea for a fresh sphere. "Give thyself to prayer," was his

counsel as he left the matter for her consideration. She did so and in answer to her prayer God gave her a clear revelation of His mind. She returned to her husband and fell on his neck with tears, bewailing her former unwillingness to go with him. It was, however, all so clear to her now, and the way of duty was very plain. She would go with him, willingly sharing his labours; and if suffering were before them, then they would endure it together. He had told her of Christ's warning about cherishing domestic and human ties of relationship before Him, and she responded with the words of Naomi, "Where thou goest I will go, and where thou dwellest I will dwell, and there will I be buried. Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

It is not difficult to imagine the joy which filled the heart of Hans Egede when he heard these words, and feeling now that all hindrances were removed, he set his face resolutely to begin what he felt to be the real work and mission of his life. Again he appealed to the bishops and begged their help, but alas! in vain. They again postponed the matter, urging the disturbed state of public affairs, and this awoke afresh the enmity and opposition of his friends. There was no help for it, he and his wife must continue a little longer in Vaagen, but the persecution which he had to endure became still worse. In the bitterness of this condition of things, Egede once more rushed into print, and in 1715 his pamphlet was sent out, "A Scriptural and rational solution and explanation with respect to the objections and impediments raised against the design of converting the heathenish Greenlander." This did little, however, to change the

current setting directly against him. Says the old chronicler, already quoted: "But still the world strove to divert him from it, not only by urging the miseries of that raw and frigid climate, the dangers of his voyages and of his abode there, the frenzy of relinquishing a certain for an uncertain livelihood, and even of bringing his wife and children into manifest perils in an unjustifiable manner; but what was worse, they defamed him with having carnal motives, as if he sought himself under the specious pretext of spreading the honour of God, and that he properly wanted to aggrandise his own name (or contradictory as this was) aimed at advancing his condition in temporals, because his benefice was not so good as he wished."

Resigning his pastoral office to his bishop, he asked that his successor would allow him a small pension until he left for Greenland, but this none would do. So in 1718 he left Vaagen to see its shore no more.

Just as he was starting, news came of a fearful disaster off the Greenland coast—a Bergen vessel had been shipwrecked there, and the crew finding a refuge on the shore were murdered and afterwards eaten by the natives. Egede bade his friends farewell, and for a brief space their old love for him revived, and they came in crowds to see the ship sail and bid him "God speed." So affected was Egede by this manifestation of sympathy, that his resolution almost failed him; he began to feel how much he loved his people. His wife, however, brave and staunch, had no divided mind, and, standing by his side, she begged him to be steadfast and play the

man. So waving their handkerchiefs as the shore slowly receded behind the wake of the ship, Hans Egede, with his wife and four young children, sailed away for Bergen, which was for the present to be their future home.

"The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of one unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The Book of Life the shining record tells"

CHAPTER III.

DISAPPOINTMENTS AND DELIVERANCE.

Brothers ! we have a work, our hearts are young,
  We watch the shadows on the wall of time,
We hear the thundering of the iron tongue,
  This day's dark dawn shall grow to light sublime.

TO characters well-trained, persecution in the path of duty means increase of faith. Impediments are the stepping-stones to higher and better things. So it proved with Hans Egede, as he took up his abode in Bergen. He had escaped the persecution of his village pastorate only to meet in this town a more vexatious opposition. If he had imagined that the better-educated classes would appreciate his zealous aim, he was now doomed to disappointment. In this respect history in every century is repeating itself continually, and Egede, like so many of the saints before him and since, was received as a hair-brained enthusiast, whom religious ideas had sent mad. Had he shown the same earnestness in the pursuit of commerce, he would have been commended for his business capacity ; or in scientific investigations he might have gained a name to make the colleges

ring. But his absorbing aim was for the salvation of men, and when he looked to the Christians for sympathy and help, he got well laughed at for his pains. They would have none of him and his missionary ideas. So in loneliness and heart-hunger he

MRS. EGEDE (GERTRUDE RAST).

walked the streets of Bergen, only kept up by the strong consolation and the presence and approval of his God. He had knocked at the Church door in vain, and the gritless professors in their cushioned comfort waived the disturber away. Then he turned to secular sources and laid his plans before the trad-

ing community. Pointing out to them the business advantages which might accrue if the new opening proved a success, he soon got a hearing. We can picture him buttonholing the merchants in the market-place, or talking with the captains on the quay. He was going to preach the Gospel, and it was for souls not silver that he was ready to spend his strength. But they might accompany him, and if they would give him free passage to Greenland, he would do his best to find them a colony and a trade. As he talked, possibly old faded traditions of Greenland gold came up before the minds of the listeners. Sometimes they seemed disposed to hearken and act, but in the end their confidence failed them, and poor Egede had to walk home disappointed and sad. The trade which already existed between Bergen and Greenland had fallen off considerably, and the wars and national controversies and jealousies did not seem likely to encourage its revival. Dark and cloudy was his sky, but he held on to God to see him yet through. His faith grew stronger as the prospect became more depressing.

For a moment light broke suddenly through the shadows. The battle of Fredericksbald had resulted in the defeat of Charles XII. of Sweden, and there seemed a prospect of peace being proclaimed. With this hope Egede hurried to Copenhagen, where was the College of Missions, representing so much of the zeal and influence of the Christianity of the kingdom. He laid his plans before them, and with a trembling heart told the story of his call to work, and the prospects of its accomplishment. The authorities not only listened attentively, but showed themselves in

favour of the scheme, and promised Egede their assistance. The next step was to get a personal interview with the king, for Frederick IV., the reigning monarch of Denmark, was well known for his sympathy with evangelical enterprise. Successful in gaining the royal ear, he found the king ready to discuss the matter, and in the end he promised the young apostle his favour and support.

Egede sped home with a light heart, singing praises to God, who had so marvellously opened up his way. His wife rejoiced with him, for she had been steadfast all through.

The king was as good as his word, and very shortly a royal mandate reached Bergen, addressed to the magistrates, requiring that they should gather all the information they could from the trading community who possessed any knowledge of the far seas as to what business had hitherto been done beyond Davis' Straits, and whether if a colony were established on the coast of Greenland it would be likely to succeed. They were also to consider what would be required to fit out such an expedition if it were thought advisable. In obedience to this order, a grand council of the captains, pilots, and merchants was held, but to Egede's disappointment they decided that the perils of the climate and the cruelty of the natives were so well known, that it was useless to undertake such an enterprise. Egede, not to be daunted by this reverse, made his way to the houses of some of these councillors, and begged of them to give it a trial. They listened to his appeal, and even went so far as to form a trading company, but the man whose means were to set the thing afloat withdrew at the last moment, and

the scheme fell to the ground. The shadows began to thicken down again, and his friends, with the croaking alacrity so often developed in such cases, told Egede that he had better give it up. It did certainly seem that humanly speaking the cause had no prospect. The royal favour, upon which so much had been counted, had failed; the merchants openly distrusted the proposal and refused their help, and the Church was worse than apathetic. But one man in the world believed in its success, and that man walked about Bergen with a mind made up to continue even more strenuously to urge his cause. He felt, somehow or other, from somewhere or other, that God would yet make an open door for him. From house to house he went. The scene is vividly described by Dr. Robert Brown:—

"Altogether it is a singular and heroic spectacle, of which that busy Norway port was for the most part unconscious. There are not many narratives in missions so touching as the story of those four years, through which we see the figure of young Egede haunting the streets and quays, till everybody gets to know and wonder at him; till the merchants shun him as a bore, and the sailors marvel with a kind of reverence as they see him gazing wistfully after the departing ships, and at the corners men whisper that he has seen strange visions of the Lord, and tell how he left his parish and gave up everything to get to Greenland; and how they have watched him go down to the forge with his little son, and take the hammer and blow the bellows with the smith, 'for they say a man must learn to do for himself in those countries!'"

At last the patient waiting of those years was

rewarded. Some good men, whose commercial zeal was happily supplemented by a desire to glorify God, agreed to put down £40 each, if Egede himself would add £60 to make a start with this Greenland business. Another appeal to the bishop and clergy was made, and the case of the distant field of work put very strongly before them. The result was that enough money was raised to purchase a ship, which was christened *The Hope*, and might indeed have been called as appropriately *The Patience Rewarded*. It was necessary, however, to engage two other vessels, to carry a freight of goods for barter and a quantity of fishing tackle for the use of the colonists in their new inheritance. Thus fully equipped, the little flotilla spread sail on the 3rd May, 1721, the fruit of thirteen years of work and waiting, patience and prayer.

The starting of the voyagers was an event of stirring importance to the inhabitants of Bergen. People had grown so accustomed to seeing Egede about the streets, that when it became known that he had really succeeded and was about to start, every man, woman, and child of the little Norwegian port was desirous of bidding him farewell. They gathered in crowds upon the quay, and boats filled with friends with waving hands clustered round the ship. But the multitude had many minds about the wisdom of his enterprise. It is again the old story of the prophet and the people. Some grasped his hand and freely and sincerely wished him God-speed, but others pitied him for his misguided enthusiasm, blamed him for his reckless venturesomeness, lamented the wasteful cost of the undertaking, or, looking upon his wife and

children as they stood on the deck, wept to think what these must suffer. But Egede—all unconscious, or at any rate regardless of these varied views of his conduct—saw Bergen fade in the distance behind him, and then turned with a full heart to the wide waste of waters which lay in front of the ship. Yonder, beyond that horizon of sea, was his future, the goal of his sacred ambition and the answer to his many prayers. Misgivings of failure never clouded his mind; he had passed through so much and borne so long a succession of disappointments, that he felt the release from land was like the snapping of a string, and that at any rate he was now free and pressing onward to his work.

After tossing upon the waves for nearly a month, the voyagers at last caught sight of land, and found themselves in immediate danger from the huge hills of ice which were drifting swiftly through the dark sea. A creek appeared which seemed a safe haven, but just at that point a fearful storm came up, tossing their ships about like shuttle-cocks, and so injuring one of them that she sprung a leak, and was only saved from foundering by her crew stripping themselves and thrusting their garments into the rent which the ice had made in her side. Then to complete their discomfiture there fell one of the blinding Arctic snowstorms, in which they lost all reckoning. The captain gave up all hope, and told his passengers to prepare for eternity, for they had not long to live.

Egede, like the Apostle to the Gentiles when in similar straits, felt assured that God, who had called him to do a work in Greenland, would preserve him to do it, and began straightway to strengthen the

hearts of his fellow-passengers. It was an awful moment as they all knelt on the heaving deck, and Egede spread forth his hands to Heaven for help in their extremity. The snow had ceased falling and a thick fog enveloped them, so that they heard but could not see the crashing tumult of the icebergs close by. All at once the mist lifted, and to their joy they saw the masses of ice drifting away in the distance, leaving the ships in comparatively smooth waters. A psalm of praise rose to the lips of those pious men—

"They cry unto the Lord in their trouble,
And He bringeth them out of their distresses.
He maketh the storm a calm,
So that the waves thereof are still.
Then are they glad because they be quiet;
So He bringeth them unto their desired haven.
Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness,
And for His wonderful works to the children of men!"

So as the morning dawned of the 3rd July, 1721, just two months from the time of the embarkation at Bergen, they made a landing at Balls River, on the west coast of Greenland. They began at once to build some rough temporary houses to shelter them on an island called Kangek, and this place they called after the name of the ship, and in the spirit of their mission, Haabets-Oe—*i.e.*, Hope Island. In their first hut of earth and boards these pilgrims of the faith gathered on the night of the 31st of August for a thanksgiving service, Egede standing in the midst of them, Bible in hand, and reading as his text the words: "O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise Him, all ye people. For His merciful kindness is

great toward us : and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord."

The thoughts of their perilous voyage and their present safety filled the hearts of these simple people with gratitude ; and after they had sung a hymn, Egede commended them and their work to the care of Almighty God.

How much he would need Divine comfort and guidance events were soon to prove. One of their ships had parted from them in the stress of the storm, and though not eventually lost, she was cast, dismasted and helpless, on the coast of Norway, and those on board escaped without loss of life. But as they slowly found their way back again to Bergen, they told to excited listeners the tale of their sufferings, and, of course, those who had been discreetly dolorous over the thing in the first instance, now nodded their heads with a self-flattered sagacity, as much as to say, "I told you so." Certainly the loss of this ship was a great blow to the colonists, as it contained their fishing gear, so necessary for their use in obtaining a livelihood.

Another disappointment to Egede and his friends was the bare and inhospitable character of the country. They had cherished dreams of a land green and beautiful with grass and trees, instead of which they found nothing but a dreary wilderness, without a blade of herbage and most desolate. They had expected some privations, of course, but hoped to find a soil capable of cultivation, where by industry and patience they might lay the foundations of a flourishing settlement. But there seemed little chance of this being the case ; the land was hard and unproductive, and even the sea

GREENLANDERS.

had for their inexperienced hands no fish. Then to make matters worse the natives stood aloof from them with distrust. At first they seemed more friendly, and even offered to help the strangers in building their houses; but when they saw that they meant to stay as in a permanent abode, these wild men resented the intrusion, and patriotically refused to help them. Vainly the colonists tried to propitiate them with gifts; they only slunk away with fear and scowling looks. Significant gestures told the visitors to begin at once, or the snow and cold would soon put an end to them all. For a time the natives resolutely refused to allow Egede to enter their wretched dwellings or permit any familiar intercourse. There was indeed little to encourage the colonists to make any advances towards such a people. They were filthy in their habits and persons, and, with their flattened noses, high cheek-bones and little, glittering eyes, intensely ugly. Short of stature, a sort of dirty brown skin, their bodies thickly covered with sealskin, they ambled about in a clumsy fashion. None of the people seemed to have the vaguest idea of religion; they had evidently no public worship, and were utterly dark and cruel.

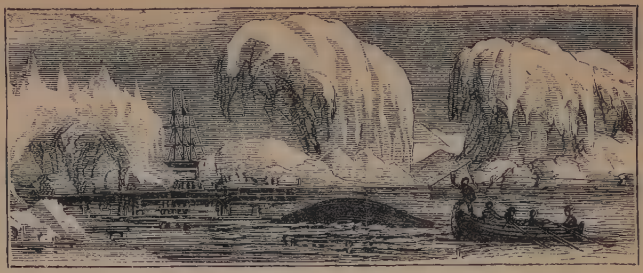
And these were the people for whom Egede had left his home and country, and crossed those wintry seas! No wonder he felt troubled and discouraged. Where were the Christians about whom he had read in the old books at Vaagen? Where the remnant of those pious colonists so long lost in history, who were to come with outstretched hands to bid him welcome, as the apostle from afar? He looked in vain across those snowy wastes for signs of a ruined

house of prayer; in his lonely walks about his new settlement, he listened for some sound of singing, for the songs which he had heard filling the air in his dreams at Bergen, of the groups of worshippers he had seen in fancy amid the snow. But the solitudes were silent, save for the croak of some northern bird, the wail of the wintry wind, or perchance, the coarse mocking laughter of some Esquimaux looking on. Doubts, icy in their touch as the cold landscape, sometimes chilled his very soul; had he after all followed a chimera, and had there been no Divine call? He looked again; then the breath of the Lord righted his tempest-driven faith, and he saw in these poor heathen, so destitute of love or comeliness, brethren for whom in Christ's name, he must work and give his life.

Patiently, and with infinite tact, he strove to win their confidence. By degrees the distrust melted, and while still showing no particular interest in his comrades, they began to listen and even respect Hans Egede. In time, indeed, they paid him the compliment of inviting him to their houses—if such a term could be applied to foul-smelling huts of earth, utterly without ventilation, quite dark, save for the fitful blaze of odorous train-oil, and only to be approached on hands and knees by a long and stifling passage. Of course his first requirement was to master some words of their language, a tongue singularly guttural and unmusical. He succeeded in this by seizing upon an interrogative which he found often used, "Kina" meaning "what is this?" Thus, as he sat in their huts, or moved amongst them in their daily occupations, he would point to this and that, asking,

"Kina?" and noting carefully the reply. Then in his home, by the midnight candle light, when his wife and children were asleep, the faithful missionary would gather together his little store of words for the day, and record them for his service in the work of God.

In doing this, he was simply performing the laborious, but invaluable work, to which every pioneer missionary must put his hand, and leaving behind for his successors that open door of language, in which can be uttered the glad tidings of a common salvation.



CHAPTER IV.

ALMOST ABANDONED.

"The mystic mazes of Thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill;
But what th' Eternal acts is right."

CHATTERTON.

IN every country, where, for the first time, the presence of the missionary is made known, there is found one common belief—that in the existence of an evil spirit. And this is the horror that startles the African in the equatorial wilderness, that makes the Indian tremble at the waving of a leaf at sunset, that haunts the redskin in the solitude of the prairie, that paralyzes the dusky giant of the South Sea, as he falls prostrate before his idol of ugliness. The universal fear of an unseen and all-powerful evil worker seems the burden of the unenlightened soul of man. And this characteristic was true in Egede's first mission to the Esquimaux of Greenland. They have a notion of two great spirits, one Torngarsuk,

the supreme good, and the other a female, representing the evil element in the world ; but the former has no beneficent attributes, inspiring them solely with an awful fear, while the other is in league with a multitude of minor evil spirits which have to be perpetually propitiated by the superstitious Esquimaux. These, as in all similar superstitions, where fear is the element of worship, the indispensable priest comes in, and the man who acts in this capacity in Greenland, standing midway between the dangerous deity and the frightened people, is called an Angekok. This sorcerer, or diviner of evil spirits, exercises an immense influence over the poor natives of Greenland, and each is supposed to have his familiar spirit, who can at will charm away evil influences and bring good things to pass. It is needless to remark that such an individual professing such forms is popular, and largely supported.

When Egede commenced his work in Greenland, the people, fearing his power to work them mischief, invoked the aid of their angekoks to destroy the stranger. All sorts of wild incantations were tried, and the whole armoury of devilish wizardry was ransacked against the man of God in vain; so that, finding him unaffected by all this, they adroitly, as so many have done before, gave out that he was himself a great angekok, and there was no need to fear him. From that moment a certain respect was shown him, sufficient to protect him and his family from injury. But that had its drawbacks, as they expected from him the rites and mysterious practices of their own wizards. As an instance of this, they looked to him as able to heal their diseases, and when he prayed with them to

this end, and ministered as far as possible to their needs, they insisted upon him blowing in their faces, as the angekoks did when called in for like cases.

His success in healing soon brought him many supplicants, to whom he endeavoured, as far as his knowledge of the language would allow, to explain that the glory must be given to God, who is merciful and full of compassion.

On one occasion they brought a blind man to him, and begged that he would touch his eyes as Jesus did, and another time they led the missionary to a grave entreating him to raise the dead to life again.

In presenting the truths of the Christian religion, he found great difficulty, as many texts of Scripture were quite inexplicable to such a people. Thus, the verse which speaks of "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" could not be understood by a people who had never seen a sheep, and whose only creature to take the place of the lamb was a young seal.

The Gospel narratives, with their peculiarly oriental surroundings had to be retold or carefully explained, and it was a favourite and successful practice of Egede's to get his little son to draw pictures illustrating Christ blessing the children, healing the sick, and dying on the Cross, and hold them up before the Greenlanders while the Gospel was preached unto them. This led them to ask questions which gave the missionary fresh opportunities of attaining their language, and in return of explaining to their poor, dull understanding and yearning hearts the way of life.

But in many things he saw that they were not trustworthy, and needed a strong hand. While in many respects the Greenlanders were willing to do what was required, they had all the nature of a pilfering and unreliable race of heathen. Many times they showed a kindness which was not genuine, and Egede felt that, if he would do anything with

EGEDE AND HIS SON TEACHING NATIVE BOYS.

them, a sound discipline must be secured. He had noticed a great partiality they had for one of the men he had brought with him, named Aaron; and in particular one Greenlander, whose name was Arok, seemed very desirous of this man's company,

probably for the similarity of the name. Egede determined, therefore, to show a little confidence in them by arranging with this member of his party, with his concurrence, to stay behind in the Esquimaux settlement a few miles inland, so that he might get a better knowledge of the people. After his preaching, Egede went home without his man, purposely disregarding the cries of the people telling him that his companion had been forgotten. Some days after this they came to tell him that their visitor was well, and he prevailed upon them to let him stay the winter with them. The poor man, however, had not a very good time in these quarters ; after a while they began to treat him with great cruelty, robbing him of his clothes and gun, and on one occasion beating him until blood flowed. Before he returned they repented themselves, and endeavoured by presents and kindnesses to make it up with him, begging him very earnestly not to acquaint Hans Egede of their conduct. This shows the respect which, at last, the missionary had gained, and when he heard the story of what they had done he said nothing in his next visit but left another man in like manner, committing him solemnly to their care and affection, a charge which on this occasion does not seem to have been disregarded.

While, however, he was making some slight progress with his mission work, there was a growing discontent among his own people at the failure of any trade with the natives. It must be remembered that most of his party had come out with the sole object of furthering a commercial enterprise, and it was to them naturally very disappointing to find such

meagre progress in this direction. This was the more aggravating to these Danes, because they found the Greenlanders willing enough to do business with the Dutch traders when they called; and once, when a fleet of Dutch ships passed, and one put into the harbour of the colony, they found the natives exchange more commodities with the Dutch in half-an-hour than they had been able to do all the winter.

Then came the pinch of hunger to accentuate their miseries. Having no proper tackle with which to catch fish they could not provide food from the sea, and the reindeer, which they occasionally saw in the interior, could not be captured. An attack of scurvy, too, seized upon the colony and distressed them beyond measure.

It is not surprising, therefore, that under such terrible calamities they clamoured to Hans Egede to return. When he exhorted them to patience they broke out in reproaches, and like Israel in the wilderness they murmured against the Moses who had led them from a land of fleshpots into starvation and suffering. What could he do? On the one hand he saw these men who at his bidding had adventured their lives now in open mutiny; on the other hand the Greenlanders, seeing the distress and conflicts, mocked with derision the man who had given up all for their sakes, but who now seemed forsaken by his friends. Then he looked on his faithful wife, so patiently enduring, and his children growing up amid such privations and trouble, and it is not to be wondered at that his heart failed him when he thought how probably they would be murdered by these savage natives when he was left by his com-

panions. He besought the men to stay with him but a little longer, to wait at any rate till the end of June, when a ship of relief would probably come to their assistance and if not they might leave him. This counsel prevailed as regards six of the men, but when these found the stores running short they also told him that they would depart in the first Dutch ship which came in sight. At this crisis Egede gave way and reluctantly told his wife of his decision—for her sake and her children's he would return. Never

THE SHIP COMING IN FROM BERGEN.

did Christian woman rise to the occasion as she did that day. She refused to desert the post of duty, and told him it was his call to stay where God had placed him. Not only did she thus admonish her husband, but she ran into the camp and ordered the men to cease demolishing the house since she, a frail woman, had refused to pack up her goods and retreat. She spoke of the certainty of the ship coming soon to bring them support. Turning to her husband she said: "Wait a while, it may be that while we are giving way to doubt and fear, God's providence is working

some good plan for us. Wait but a week or two and see."

Three weeks thus passed; no ship appeared, and the gloom over the little settlement grew deeper and deeper. Egede torn with distracting emotions worked on with a desperate sense of being near his end, while his heroic wife, strong in a mighty faith in her God, comforted her children with the assurance that help was at hand. Then came the 27th June, and, like the Lucknow Scotch lassie who heard the distant pibroch, this good woman, scanning again the waste of wintry sea, caught the first glimpse of the approaching sail. She sang her song of thanksgiving to the astonished and weary-hearted people, and soon the ship came right up to their shore, to be received with acclamations of gratitude. The ample stores which were set ashore soon replenished the famished colony, and then, what was indeed food of a higher importance to Egede, the captain told him the good news of increased interest in the mission amongst those at home; the Bergen merchants, notwithstanding the discouraging accounts brought by those who had been driven back, had determined to support and push forward the work in Greenland. The College of Missions too, had sent their letter of encouragment, begging Mr. Egede, now that he had set his hand to the plough, not to look back until the work amongst these heathens had been established. The king, whose royal favour they had already experienced, was not behind-hand with his interest, for he had started a lottery to raise funds for the work. This not proving sufficiently successful he had commanded a levy upon all his subjects in Norway

and Denmark under the style of the Greenland assessment, which contributed a handsome sum to the treasury of the mission.

Egede took fresh heart of hope, and the whole colony felt the stimulation of the news. He made up his mind to further cultivate intercourse with the natives, and by a better knowledge of the languages, bring them to the feet of Christ. To this end he took his two little boys and went inland among the natives, there to spend the winter of 1722. For a long time the sickening filth and degradation of the people was almost unbearable. Their mud huts, in which with his children he went to live, were inferior to pig-styes, and with all apertures closed, the stench forced them sometimes to rush out for a moment into the keen, cold air. The intelligence of these people is chiefly displayed in their seal fishing. The accompanying picture very clearly exhibits this. The Greenlander having discovered the small breathing hole of the seal by the aid of his dog, sits down to patiently wait, and sometimes for many long hours, for the puff of the creature's breath as it rises in the ice cavity it has made. Then with unerring aim he strikes his harpoon down the hole killing the seal, which is held by the barbed point until the hole can be enlarged sufficient to bring it to the surface.

At last Egede persuaded two deserted Esquimaux children to come and live with him in order that they might be educated, and also that his children might have a better opportunity of catching up their words. This experiment, however, soon led to inconvenience, for six people asked to lodge with him forthwith. Others followed, and it was evident that the natives

were attracted, not by any real desire to be of service to him, but by a chance of living at his expense and spying out his possessions.

They begged almost everything they saw, and when the winter was over, and the fishing season commenced, they stole away privately, and left him and the two boys on whom he had bestowed such care and attention, thus disappointing all his hopes. They had been slow scholars; the restless life that they had led made them impatient of any restraint, and it was only by a present of a fish-hook for every letter they learned that any progress could be made.

WATCHING FOR A SEAL.

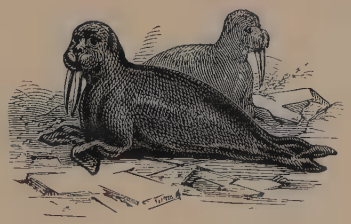
Then they began to speak contemptuously of their teacher and his friends, because they only gazed at paper and scrawls of ink, while the Greenlanders were brave huntsmen who pursued the reindeer and could hunt the seal. If teaching these people to read was

difficult, it was much more so to get them to understand the doctrines of the Christian religion, and with indifference they turned away and followed the old practices again. What pain of heart all this caused to the patient missionary? Truly the soil was hard and unreceptive, and there were times when in the anguish of his soul he felt he had struggled and toiled for nought.

His next concern was to find out some more favourable position for the colony; the little island upon which they had built their house was in some respects unsuitable, and Egede wanted to cultivate some district on the mainland. He sent exploring parties of his people in various directions, and finally he decided upon a creek which ran up from the sea and possessed many advantages. They began laboriously to carry stones and timber to establish the colony there, and almost accomplished their preparations, giving it the name of Priesterfiord, when the stormy weather soon showed that it would be dangerous and must be abandoned.

Going farther in search of a better position, Egede came unexpectedly upon some of the old relics, about which in the years long since he had thought so much. He sailed up Ameralik Bay in the year 1723, and penetrated further the broad inlet called Balls River, where he discovered according to the report of the Greenlanders, that the seals lay in hundreds upon the ice, although he found it difficult to catch any. But going ashore he sighted in a beautiful valley a strange quadrangular building of very ancient construction. It was covered with moss and greatly decayed, but the masonry was evidently that of the hardy and

pious Norsemen, and this was their church. It had been roofless for centuries, but, as he passed through the ruined doorway and measured the dimensions of the inner walls, he thought of the songs of praise which had once ascended there in the olden time. Passing round the church he noticed the remains of the old houses of the worshippers, and the graves where at last they found their rest.



GREENLANDER IN HIS KAYAK.

CHAPTER V.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end to-day,
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day."

LONGFELLOW.

NOW it seemed, indeed, that light was breaking over the snow-clad Greenland hills. The mission was taking fresh root, and under its brave leader was becoming permanently established in the land. Other ships arrived from Bergen, and one of these brought not only supplies, but what was perhaps their greater requisite, a fresh helper in the person of Mr. Albert Top. The presence of this new helper was, of course, a great joy to Hans Egede. Hitherto his hands had been tied by so many duties, but now he could hand over some

of these to his colleague and carry out his cherished intention of exploring the districts beyond the limits of the colony. While his great aim was to preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to these people, Egede had all an explorer's yearning for seeking fresh fields and pastures new. He had had his appetite for discovery whetted by the glowing accounts given by some sailors, who told him of the eastern coast of Greenland as offering many inducements to settlers.

It was already late in the summer, and the ice would soon begin to lock up the water-ways; but he determined to make a start, and fitted out a little expedition of two shallops and a few stores, and with these went forth to explore Frobisher's Straits. The voyage was, as expected, beset with many difficulties. When they reached the Straits it was only to find the pack ice driving in masses before the north wind, and when they essayed to enter what seemed an opening, the Greenland pilot dissuaded them with many forebodings. Eventually they got clear of the ice and reached an open sound beyond Cape Comfort, but here they were doomed to disappointment, as it only rounded again south-west and back to the open sea. Egede determined at any cost to push through the sound, which divided the mainland from Cape Farewell. Here, however, some natives approached them, who, whether in sincerity or not they could not say, drew such a picture of the storms which beat upon that shore, and the wild and cruel people who lived there, that the boatmen of the shallops were seized with a panic of fear, and flatly refused to obey orders. Vainly Egede reasoned with them; neither promises

of reward nor the pains of disobedience affected them, and so very reluctantly the order was given to turn homewards. His voyage was not, happily, without some interest and result. The old traditions of lost Greenland Christians were making him eagerly scan the coast for signs of *rudera*, or relics of that earlier worship. On his way home he managed to explore several inlets where there was undoubtedly evidence of the Norwegian occupation. One place especially attracted his attention. It was called by the Greenlanders, Kakoktok, and here he found the ruins of an old church fifty feet long and twenty broad, and the walls six feet thick, pierced by windows. Outside was a churchyard wall in a good state of preservation, and the remains of several houses in the vicinity. Egede felt strange emotions as he picked his way amongst these ancient stones. All the old love and yearning for the fate of the Norse Christians came back again. Heaps of rubbish by the side of the church were turned over, and he desired to explore the graves around, but the Greenlanders true to their superstitions refused to do this, lest disturbing the spirits of the dead they might do them some injury in return. So he had to be content with filling his pockets with a few bones, pieces of coal, and scraps of earthen urns, and retraced his steps with many thoughts.

Another feature of this voyage was that he found his reputation had been carried into these far districts. There was a great distrust of the Danish sailors amongst the natives, and at first nothing could persuade them to hold intercourse with the visitors ; but when the Greenland pilot assured them that the

minister, the great Angekok of the Kablunaks, was with them, they evinced great joy and welcomed Egede with shouts, taking him hither and thither as a friend whom they could trust and love. Something of the "loaves and fishes" spirit was evidently at the bottom of this. They brought out their sick and begged him to release them from their troubles. One man who was blind implored him to touch his eyes. Egede talked to him of the Great Physician and asked him whether he could believe in the Son of God, then rubbed his eyes with a little brandy and went his way. Thirteen years afterwards this same man visited the mission colony to thank him for the restoration of his sight.

They had been able to send home to Bergen some fine cargoes of whales' blubber oil, when intelligence came in the spring that there was a good fishing-ground a hundred leagues north of the colony. Egede made up another expedition and in February proceeded thither, but after a month's excessive labour and suffering from the cold, they had to return unsuccessful. Efforts were made to bring the land under cultivation, and some rocks were mined to discover their mineral wealth. In some cases Egede caused fires to be made so that the frozen ground might be thawed, and the corn was sown. This came up and bade fair to bear crop, but when in the ear the keen night frosts killed it and it had to be cut unripe. The interest which Egede took in the commercial development of the colony might have been misunderstood by those who believed it to be his sole duty to preach the Gospel. Crantz, the old chronicler, who has preserved to us the precious details of the life and

work of Egede, anticipates this objection by the following explanation :—

"By all this we see how busily Mr. Egede was occupied in managing for the poor of the colony, whose direction he had accepted from the company. This was the reason, as he writes, that he was constrained to intermeddle in affairs that might else have been taken ill of him as a divine. This was also the reason of his undertaking so many difficult voyages with danger of his life, to show any one by his own example how he should act and to inspect with his own eyes where and how the company's interest might be promoted, because he was fully sensible that the spiritual concern—viz., the conversion of the Greenlanders, which he had so much at heart, could not be attained but on supposition at the same time of some sufficient temporal acquisition."

With the help of his colleague he laboured on still more strenuously for the salvation of these heathen. He took the greatest pains to teach them the truths, the doctrines, and the facts of the Christian religion. His plan was to translate, not without much difficulty, short questions concerning the Fall, the Creation, Redemption, Resurrection, and Salvation through the death of Christ, and also to write short prayers for them to say and hymns for them to sing. The one thing then was for the people to be taught all this, and by dint of many questions to make it clear to their limited intelligences and fix it on their memories. Such was no easy work. For a few moments these people seemed willing to listen, and then they would break out into ridicule and inattention. If, however, one of their angekoks were present, order could no

longer be preserved, for he would commence his incantations, and mock the missionaries as they patiently read on. These wizards had made the people believe that they had been in heaven, and on the strength of this they actually charged Egede with

EGEDE TEACHING HIS PEOPLE TO PRAY.

lying, "for they had been there and had seen no traces of God's Son, nor had they found the firmament so out of repair as to be in danger of a dissolution," as the Greenlanders always construed the doctrine of the end of the world. This opposition on the part of the

angekoks and their disciples became so vindictive that the Danish colonists felt it their duty to interfere for the protection of Mr. Egede. They forcibly ejected the turbulent, and set sailors to preserve order in the meetings; but as that did not quite answer the purpose, they announced that they would punish with death the angekoks as imposters and seducers of the people, so as to bring the natives under discipline.

Here seemed to be an effective check upon these unseemly scenes, and some of the principal disturbers became anxious to have the help and teaching of Mr. Egede, especially in the matter of healing.

"Once, even, an angekok applied to him for this. He reproved the man for his impostures and assured him his child would die, (for it was in its last agonies) but if he would call upon God with him and let the child be baptised it might still go to heaven. The man gave his assent to all that he said and earnestly begged him to baptise the child, which he accordingly did, and after calling upon the name of God, the child yielded up its spirit directly afterwards. And when the family, according to custom, had howled awhile, Mr. Egede was urged to carry the corpse to its burial, because no one else was counted worthy by its father. Nay, after the interment, the man and his family desired to be baptised also, but he declined doing it, telling them that they as adults must first learn the will of God."

One day when it was raining hard, they desired the missionary to pray to his God, whom he described as an almighty being, that He would send them better weather, so that the water should not soak

through the skins of their tents. On another occasion, when he desired their attention to most solemn subjects, they simply danced around him howling and drumming most hideously all the time.

It was at this time that one of the victims of an angekok's superstitions came to Egede for help and light, and was so convinced of the truth that he returned to his village with some texts chalked upon a board, so that his friends might also be converted.

The influence of the wizards or priests upon the people was very strong, for they played upon the superstitious curiosity of their dupes with stories of incredible nonsense. Naturally the people were not averse to discuss religious questions ; too ready were they, in fact, to argue about the soul than to come to close quarters and find salvation for themselves. They had the characteristics of the Sadducees of the past age and the present.

" The Greenlanders liked to hear that the soul did not die with the body, that it would receive its body again at the resurrection, without being subject any more to sickness, and that friends and relations would meet again. They were very anxious to hear all that he told them of spiritual things, which gave him good hopes. But when a subject had been related to them several times over, and they could not take it in with their gross and carnal minds, they grew tired, and wanted to hear something else that was new, for they imagined they believed already all that he had told them. They were often displeased and petulant when the weather was bad, and attributed it to the reading and praying, because they supposed the air

to be irritated by this; or they imputed it to their giving credit to the missionary and not continuing to conform so strictly to the prescriptions of their angekoks in abstaining from certain meats and employments. Therefore if they should listen to him any more, his prayers must first procure them good weather, an abundance of fish, birds, and seals, and also cure their sick. If he desired them to pray, their answer was, 'We do pray, but it signifies nothing.' If he told them they should supplicate God chiefly for His spiritual gifts, and for the happiness of life everlasting, they replied, 'That we neither understand nor desire; we want nothing but healthy bodies and seals to eat, and the angekoks can procure these for us.' If he told them of the future judgment and the eternal punishment in hell-fire, they refused to hear anything of it, or they replied that their angekoks knew hell better, and if it even was so hot yet there was water enough in the sea to quench it and make it tolerable to them; yea, it would make amends for the cold they had endured upon earth.

"If he endeavoured to convince them of the impositions of the angekoks, that they had never seen any of them go either to heaven or hell because they always chose darkness to rest their legerdemain, then they retorted the question: 'Whether ever he had seen God of whom he spoke so much?'

"It was extremely difficult to remove the mistaken conceptions of these people, or to prevent their making a quite sinister use of every truth they heard; for instance, that God was omnipresent, omnipotent,

and benign, and that it was His pleasure to help all that called upon Him in distress. And as for the conception of the soul and its restoration they could form no idea of it."

This statement of the mental condition of these poor, ignorant Greenlanders indicates pretty clearly the difficulties Egede had to contend with, and also suggests that their attitude in 1725 is very little different from the hostile position of the cavillers and unbelievers of the more accomplished world of our own day.

Having carefully instructed two Greenland boys, he sent them home to Copenhagen in a passing ship. One died on the voyage, but the other reached Europe, and after a short stay returned to his native land. This youth, whose name was Pock, when he reached his friends in Greenland, had such wonders to tell them of the grandeur and state of the royal family of Denmark that he produced immense excitement. This popularity, however, seems to have turned his head, and he strangely lapsed again into Greenland immoralities.

The desire on the part of the Danish Government to establish colonies on the Greenland coast greatly increased, and as a result Egede received, what was not an unmixed benefit to him, a considerable but not very select addition to his colony. Vessels of war with cannon and soldiers began to show themselves in the offing, and from these landed working men and their wives, who, however, in many cases, had been recently liberated from the jails of their country to settle at this place. Horses were brought with them, and they began with a little too much zeal to

possess the land. To Egede, who had still the great responsibility of being leader, and heard of all this, anxieties only increased, and when a raging sickness began to carry off the new-comers, and the horses died for want of some one to look after them, the soldiers openly mutinied against their officers. Again poor Egede was reproached for having brought them into a land of desolation and misery, and his life was so threatened that he is reported to have said that, while able in perfect security to sleep in the tents of the natives, he had to keep a watch and firearms by his bed as a protection against his fellow Christians.

In truth, it must be confessed that the history of this mission is a striking example of the impediment which material force and authority is to the work of the Gospel among the heathen. Had Egede been left alone to prosecute his work at his own wish, without being backed up by the military power and embarrassed by commercial support, happy would he have been. The Greenlanders were terrified by this show of force, and being compelled to associate their minister with this warlike aggression of their coasts, they retreated further inland or removed to Disco Bay. Egede had now two fresh colleagues, Mr. Olaus Lange and Mr. Harry Milzoug, his former fellow-helper, Albert Top, having been compelled on account of his health to return home, taking with him young Paul Egede for education at the College of Missions.

But this work, which seems specially remarkable for its continual disappointments, was to sustain a still greater shock in the death of King Frederick IV., who had for so many years been its steadfast friend.

When the new ruler, Christian VI. came to the throne, his advisers drew his attention to the state of the Greenland colonists, and urged him to abandon such an unprofitable enterprise. The king seems to have been nothing loath to relieve his kingdom of this burden, and in 1731 a royal mandate was sent by ship to Good Hope and the other adjacent colonies, commanding the people to pack up and return home. There was certainly a provision which made it optional in the case of Egede, but it was expressly told him that if he did chose to remain, he must expect no further supplies or support. Such a blow as this, by which the fabric he had been steadily building all these weary years was to be shattered in a day, was almost too much for the faithful missionary. But he would not abandon his post. He begged the men to stay behind, and pointed out that leaving him defenceless would mean that the colony would be either devastated by the natives, now by no means friendly to the colonists as a trading community, or the place would be captured by foreign adventurers, to the loss of everything. Fortunately, the ship being too small to carry all, ten sailors elected to stay with him for the present, or until the next ship should arrive.

Thus matters rested; left practically alone, Egede trained his second son to direct the trading and fishing industry, while he struggled on, for three years, getting occasionally some remnant of stores from home, but always with the disagreeable warning that nothing more would follow. Was ever a missionary's faith and patience tried as this man's was? Against such depression his mind almost gave way; he felt

he had toiled almost in vain. News came that the colony of Nepisene had been devastated and all the stores burnt. Added to his mental worry, a serious disorder had laid hold of his chest, and to a great extent he had not strength to go on his missionary journeys, but was compelled to relegate the work of teaching to his son. The sky was indeed gloomy and the outlook despairing; had God forgotten to be gracious? The first streaks of dawn glimmered on the horizon, and soon the harbinger of hope and consolation drew nigh.

"'O Father! not My will but Thine be done,'
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys,
That we may cling for ever to Thy breast
In perfect rest!"

KEBLE.

EGEDE WITH IPPEGAN IN A STORM.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MORAVIANS COME.

Faith climbing higher can descry
The glimmering dawn beyond the gloom,
God's promise in the eastern sky,
Daybreak of hope o'er night of doom.

ON the morning of the 20th of May, 1733, a sail was seen on the horizon. This was no extraordinary event in itself, as from time to time ships of discovery and trade had been sighted passing north of the little colony. This vessel, however, was seen to head towards the land, and presently when the boats went out to board her, it was found that she was indeed a welcome guest to people who were in such straits as Egede and his friends. A fresh supply of much-needed stores formed her cargo, and the captain was commissioned to give to Egede a letter from the

king of Denmark, assuring him of his pleasure in noticing a revival of the Greenland trade, and, further, stating that he had made a provision as regards the Mission of Good Hope of four hundred pounds. This was good news, but still more welcome was the king's introduction of three brethren who had come out in this ship to preach the Gospel to the heathen in Greenland. Who were these? Their names were Christian David, Matthew Stach, and his brother Christian Stach, and they were the pioneer missionaries of the Moravian Brethren to the Greenlanders. As these good men and their successors were destined to carry on the work right up to the present day, it will be interesting to review here the circumstances which led to their coming thither.

In the record of religious persecutions, the Church of the Unitas Fratrum, or United Brethren, has an ancient history of honourable suffering. Like the Society of Friends, the early Methodists, and others in our own day, they have endured as sheep in the hands of wolves for their allegiance to the truths and practice of the New Testament. The simplicity of their character, their inoffensive disposition, their patient prosecution of duty in the face of danger and discouragement, have indeed built up for the Brethren an everlasting name. Their history reaches back into very early days, and with the Waldenses they may be entitled to the honour of having kept the faith on the Continent of Europe in spite of pagan and popish persecution. Perhaps they may claim to be the oldest Protestant Church in existence, and before Huss began his reformation, they had shined as a light in the dense darkness of ignorance and superstition. Some of his disciples,

associated by loyalty to Jesus Christ and detestation of Romish error, banded themselves together on the simple basis of Christian brotherhood, taking as they said, "the Bible as their creed, and the law of Christ as their rule." But that fear of persecution which continually scatters the elect, drove the little band of believers from their Moravian fields, and they gladly found refuge in Poland, where Amos Comenius was ordained their bishop.

Such a quiet, harmless, and law-abiding people should have been better understood and appreciated, but they were driven from place to place like dangerous conspirators, and their continual sufferings were the direct result of that relentless hatred of religious light and freedom which stains the record of the Church of Rome. Before the voice of Luther had thundered through that corrupt Church, these simple disciples of a common Lord were witnessing for the truth in Germany and elsewhere, and gladly suffering the spoiling of their goods and imprisonment of their persons for the sake of Jesus Christ and His Gospel. Dr. Brown has summed up their early history admirably.

"After a variety of revolutions in their external circumstances, the Churches of Bohemia obtained, about the middle of the seventeenth century, an edict from the Emperor of Germany, granting them a toleration of their religion, and ratifying that important privilege under the imperial sanction. But this was only like the still calm which often precedes a storm. In 1672 an attempt was made by Government to force on them the decree of the Council of Trent. Being at length driven to despair by multiplied and

incessant oppressions, they rose in a mass to defend their religious liberties, but after the unfortunate battle of Prague, in 1620, they were either compelled to submit to the conqueror or were driven into exile with the Elector Palatine, whom they had chosen for their king. Numbers of them, indeed, were afterwards allowed by the promise of pardon to return to their country, but notwithstanding this promise some of them were perfidiously condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and others to ignominious death. In one day no fewer than seven-and-thirty of the principal lords and defenders of the Bohemian faith were beheaded on the scaffold."

The flames of persecution being once kindled spread over the whole country and committed terrible devastation among the miserable inhabitants. By plunderings, by torturing, by executions, the people were driven to the utmost extremities, and many of them either renounced their religion or fled the kingdom, leaving the whole of their property behind them. But as these violent measures, instead of reconciling the natives to the Church of Rome, threatened to depopulate the country, the ministers were now banished from Prague and the rest of the kingdom, in the hope that the people, being deprived of their spiritual guides, would submit the more readily to the impositions of the Catholic priests. Many of the exiles, however, hid themselves in caves and in mountains, and from these fortresses visited their desolate congregations ; but being detected in these labours of love some of them were put to death, and others finally expelled the kingdom. A part of the nobility, however, still remained stead-

fast to their ancient faith, and encouraged the people with the hope of regaining their liberties, but after having been drained of most of their wealth and stripped of their estates, they were banished the kingdom in 1627. Hundreds of noble and respectable families now took refuge in neighbouring countries, and though the common people were carefully watched to prevent their emigration, yet thousands of them also fled into exile from the tyranny of their oppressors. Many of these went into Silesia, still greater numbers retired into Prussia and Poland, but most of them escaped into Saxony and Upper Lusatia, where from a variety of causes they were soon lost among the general mass of the inhabitants; and though some of them formed particular congregations and even founded new villages, yet their posterity degenerated from the virtues of their ancestors and conformed to the manners of the people around them; only a small number continued steadfast in their ancient faith.

Thus fiercely the fury of persecution burned against the Moravians, and the bones of the saints once more whitened the mountains, while the cries of the oppressed rose up to the throne of God. For a time everything seemed against them, and a darkness of Egyptian gloom covered the sky of their future. Was God's arm shortened that it could not save His own? Like the hunted Waldenses in their Swiss valleys, like the brave Covenanters on their Scottish heather, these witnesses, in diminishing numbers but unquenchable fidelity, held on. Rome, the abomination of desolation, defiling the holy place of religious freedom, once more played her game too

well, and the scattered disciples spread out to a wider sphere. Then leaders and teachers felt instinctively that God was going to lead them forth by some way at present hid from their eyes, and they prayed and watched for the open door of deliverance.

The grand old patriarch, George Jaeshke, hearing the footfall of that reaper whom we call death by the door of his chamber, gathered his children and grandchildren about his bed. God had given to him in his old age a little Benjamin, and upon the head of this seven years' old boy, the aged man laid his hand. He besought his family to have faith in God and believe that He would still deliver. He did not disguise the fact that the times were dark and depressing.

"It is true," said he, "our liberty is gone; most of our descendants give themselves up more and more to a worldly mind and get entangled in the net of Popery — yea, it would almost appear as if the Brethren's cause was annihilated. But you, my dear children, will live to see a great deliverance wrought on behalf of the remnant of our flock, yet, whether it is to take place here in Moravia, or whether you will have to quit this Babel, I know not of a certainty; this I do know, that the time for it is not far distant, and I feel inclined to believe that an emigration will be undertaken into a land and to a place where you may serve the Lord without fear, agreeably to His holy Word. Be ready against that time whenever it may come, and beware lest you be the last or ever tarry behind; remember I have told it you beforehand."

As the old saint passed away, his five grandsons,

the brothers Neisser, took his words to heart, and vowed that they would faithfully look forward to and expedite all in their power this time of deliverance.

In the year 1722, as is now well known, Count Zinzendorf, a pious nobleman, whose heart had been touched by the sufferings of these people, offered them an asylum on his estate in Upper Lusatia. The mandate to help the saints seemed to have come direct from God to this noble-hearted Christian, and he entered into the details of this immigration of the Moravians into his territory with all the zeal and enthusiasm it demanded. He rose early one morning and went forth praying that God would show him the spot where the settlers should come. "I represented in prayer, and with many tears to God," said he, "the distress and desire of these people, and entreated Him to let His hand be with me and prevent the execution of any plan if it were not pleasing in His eyes, adding the following declaration to my petitions, *In this place I will build in Thy name the fit house.*"

The hill, upon the side of which the new settlement was to be built, looked bare and desert-like enough to the pioneers of the Exodus. "Where shall we find bread in this wilderness?" said Augustin Neisser's wife. "If ye will believe, you shall see the glory of God in this place," was the reply.

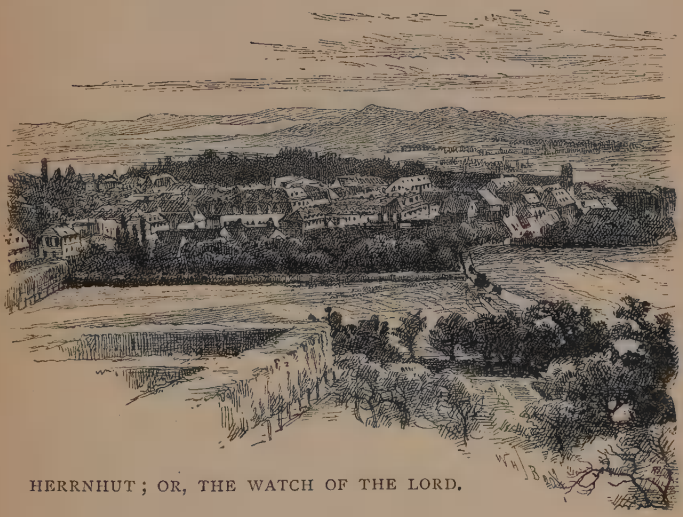
Christian David, one of the leaders of the exiles, struck his axe into a tree, exclaiming, "Here the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts."

The little knot of persecuted ones sang together their hymn of exile :—

"Blest is that day, when quitting home,
Far from my country I must roam,
Without a guide, a friend—
For *God Himself* will be my guide,
His angel-guard for me provide ;
He can His own defend ;
And He'll appoint for me a spot,
Where all my fears and cares forgot,
I shall enjoy sweet rest ;
As pants the hart for cooling brooks,
My soul with ardent longing looks
T'wards God, my Refuge blest."

They gathered together in straggling companies, for the priestly Pharaoh with his hardened heart would not let God's people go. Hampered with their fetters, watched with cat-like vigilance by their oppressors, robbed on the road, and often ending their journey in beggary, they moved onwards to their promised land. There in due time they founded the colony of Herrnhut, or the Watch of the Lord. Count Zinzendorf, to whom under God they owed everything, was consecrated their bishop and head, and the number over which he had authority increased to 600 souls. For several years they continued under specially favourable circumstances to take advantage of their new and restful home. But the sunshine of prosperity is often, too often, the harbinger of trouble and spiritual decline. They began to dispute with each other on theological points of difference, and it seemed as though Herrnhut would, indeed, degenerate into a confusion of jarring sects. A strict statement of belief was drawn up, and a serious secession, in which many of the best and most influential of the Brethren were implicated, seemed inevitable. They, however, all with one consent gave themselves to

earnest prayer. For days and weeks the supplications continued, then in answer thereto, God opened the windows of heaven and gave a blessing such as is rarely known in the history of His people. Extraordinary results attended the preaching of the Gospel. Not only were their halls crowded, but hundreds fell down in penitence, and as many more rose up to testify to the power of the Holy Ghost in



HERRNHUT; OR, THE WATCH OF THE LORD.

their hearts; and the direct result of this remarkable revival was a new and absorbing desire to preach the Gospel to the heathen. The missionary spirit, which is the principal characteristic of the Moravian Brethren, began then and there.

In 1731, Count Zinzendorf attended the coronation of Christian VI. at Copenhagen, and while there witnessed the baptism of the Greenland boys who had been sent home from Mr. Egede. Then he

heard, with much regret, that the Government had determined to relinquish their support of that mission. Meanwhile, there was great excitement at Herrnhut. A negro, named Anthony, spoke openly of the spiritual darkness of the slaves in the island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, and especially of his sister there, who had begged him to send some one who would teach her about Christ. Two of the Brethren, Leonhard Dober and Tobias Leupold, immediately volunteered to allow themselves to be sold as slaves, to enable them to labour amongst these poor lost ones. The quickened pulse of missionary energy produced a holy ambition to go elsewhere with the tidings of the Gospel, and on the return of Count Zinzendorf with news of the Greenland Mission, it was at once decided to send men thither.

Christian Stach and his brother, Matthew Stach, volunteered to go, and Christian David, the first ordained elder at Herrnhut, offered to accompany them. They at once visited the king, and laid their plans before him, and found especially a good friend in his Lord of the Bedchamber, Count Pless. He not only gave every advantage to the new missionaries, but wrote a letter of introduction to Mr. Egede with his own hand. The ships were duly fitted with every appliance for trade and other work of arranging the settlement; many of Count Pless's friends also came forward with pecuniary help and influential support. One day he asked them how they proposed to live in Greenland. "We intend," they replied, "to build a house, and to cultivate the land by the labour of our hands, that we may not be burdensome to any." To this he objected, as there was

no wood in the country to build with. "Then," they replied, "we will dig into the earth and lodge there." Pless was so struck by their self-denial that he immediately gave them fifty dollars, and purchased wood for them to take to Greenland.

How Matthew Stach received his call to go thither shall be told in his own words.

"When I heard the first account of Greenland it excited a desire in me to go thither; yet, when I reflected on my own incapacity and inexperience (for I had been scarce two years in Herrnhut), I could not venture to disclose it; but when the written proposal of the two Brethren to go to St. Thomas was read publicly it stirred me up to it afresh. I was then at work with Frederic Boehnish on the new burying-ground, called the Hutberg. He was the first person I acquainted with what passed in my mind, and I found that he had been actuated on the same occasion with the same desire to promote the salvation of the heathen. We conversed with simplicity about it, and perceived we had the greatest inclination to go to Greenland; but we knew not whether we ought to look upon the propension that had taken place in us as an impulse wrought by God, or whether we should wait till a call was given us. But as we were both of one mind, and confidently believed that our Saviour's promise would be verified to us, 'If two of you shall agree on earth, etc.;' therefore we retired to the wood just at hand, and kneeled down before Him, and begged Him to clear up our minds on this important affair, and to lead us in the right way. Upon this our hearts were filled with an uncommon joy, and we omitted no longer to lay our mind before the con-

gregation in writing, with perfect resignation which tribe of heathens our call should be to, though we felt the strongest tendency to the Greenlanders. The letter was read in a public meeting, and was heard with joy in the general. Yet some expressed their surprise that it had such a great resemblance to the writing of the two first-mentioned Brethren, and a few even thought that we had compared notes with them, or would mimic them. Very like this was the reason that for a long time we neither received an answer, nor were spoken to about it by the labourers of the congregation. Only one of them said something to me occasionally which might have left me but little hope. Yet we were not frightened out of it by this, nor with the representations of the difficult voyage to and manner of living in Greenland, which we heard enough of by-and-by ; but we waited with tranquillity to see whether our offer would be accepted or rejected. After a considerable time, the Count Zinzendorf sent for us, and asked us if we were still of the same mind, and when we answered him, 'Yes,' and assured him that we should like to go to Greenland, he advised us to consider over more the difficulty of our subsistence there; but added at the close that if we would venture upon it in confidence on our Saviour, we might make ready for the journey with his and the congregation's blessing. We expected the time of our being dispatched with longing, and kept working on in our outward calling. But another year passed before we were dispatched. In the meantime, as Frederick Boehnish was gone another long journey, Christian David got a desire to go with me to Greenland. Our dismission did not last long ; only the last two

days the Count had some blessed interviews with me, and gave me some instructions about the preservation of my body and soul from evil, which were an abiding blessing to me."

Thus it came about that the ship containing those good men anchored off the colony of Mr. Egede, and henceforth their fortunes will be intertwined with his in dealing with the Greenland people.

EGEDE JOURNEYING IN A UMIAK, OR WOMAN'S BOAT.

CHAPTER VII.

PESTILENCE AND PATIENCE.

His course was glorious as the summer's sun
When travelling in the greatness of his might,
A burning and a shining light he shone,
Then set to rise in everlasting light.

THE good ship *Caritas* (the Greek for Charity, which was an appropriate name for such an enterprise), on the 10th of April, 1733, sailed from Copenhagen with its first instalment of Moravian missionaries for the Greenland field. When they separated from their friends it was with many

good wishes and prayers, and the new enthusiasm for foreign missions which was beating in the hearts of the Brethren made all feel that this little freight of souls, bearing the message of Divine love, was but the beginning of great things for Greenland and the world.

It had been the custom for some years in the little colony of Herrnhut, before the commencement of every year, to compile a little book with a text of holy Scripture and verse for every day, and this became not only the portion for private meditation, but took precedence in the worship of the public assembly. The verse for the 10th of April was most appropriate, being Heb. xi. 1, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

> "We view him where no eye can see,
> With faith's perspective steadfastly."

Such was the encouragement these witnesses had, as, setting sail, they left home and friends behind to preach the unsearchable truths of the Gospel to the heathen afar off.

For sometime they had fair weather, and passed our own Shetland Isles; but on the 6th of May a violent storm broke out, the ice swept dangerously over the sea, and they were driven back a considerable way. To make matters worse a total eclipse of the sun took place, so that in the darkness they drifted they knew not whither. In due time, however, they entered the mouth of Balls River, and saw the shore of Greenland for the first time; and again taking to their little book for the text of comfort and guidance, they read, "The peace of God, which passeth all

understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus" (Phil. iv. 7). "Let all our senses be composed and quiet," was the comment upon this helpful text. With these words in their hearts, they prepared to land, and to meet the men whom in Christ's name they came to save.

They hastened to Mr. Egede, and presented their letters of introduction, and the welcome they received from this good man who had been the pioneer was warm and affectionate. Finding a place where they might fix their settlement, they knelt down and solemnly consecrated that spot of earth and themselves to the glory of God and the extension of His kingdom. Then they built their house of stone and earth, and purchased an old boat from the captain of the ship for their fishing expeditions. Before the ship sailed, they sat in their hut and wrote letters to their friends at home, not knowing whether it might not be the last as well as the first time they would be able to write from their new home. Some of these letters still remain, and, as giving an insight into the character and simple faith of these people, an extract deserves to be placed upon record here. Says one :—

"You may now very well address that saying to us—

> "'Should a man ever lose his road,
> Let him ne'er lose his faith in God.'

Yes, here in truth the way is barred up. We retain that for our daily lesson, 'Let all our senses be composed and quiet.' As to our persons, we are very happy ; but our desire is to win souls, and we cannot gratify it yet. But by God's grace we will not

despond, but keep the Lord's watch. When He puts Himself in motion, we will move on with Him, and will not swerve from His presence. Let but the time for the heathen come, and the darkness in Greenland must give way to the light; the frigid zone itself must kindle into a flame, and the ice-cold hearts of the people must burn and melt. Because we know our way is upright before the Lord, therefore our hearts are not dejected, but we live in cheerfulness and joy.

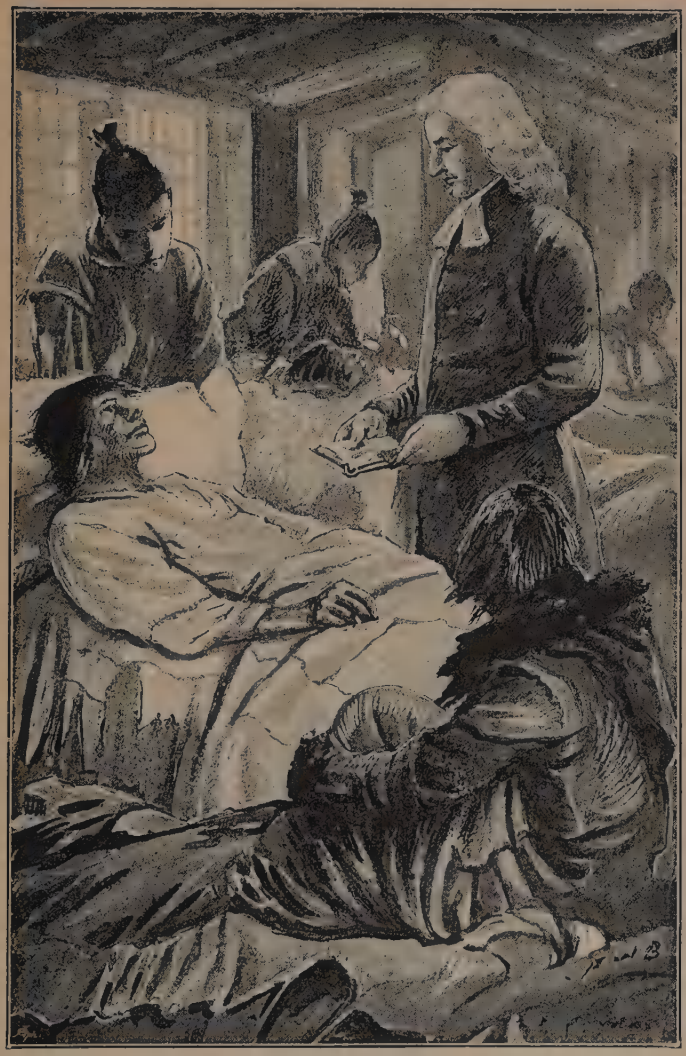
"We are open and manifest before the eyes of the Lord. 'Tis true all men count us fools, especially those who have been long in this country, and know this people; but still we rejoice and think when the Breaker is come up before us there must be room to tread and follow, though the appearance may be so adverse. We hope to remain always in this mind; and even if we should effect nothing in Greenland, we will render Him the honour due unto His name, though it should be for nothing else but that we are humbled and made low in our own eyes. But Jesus, whose heart is replete with faithful love towards us and the poor heathen, knows all our ways, and knew them before we were born. Can any honour redound from us to Him? Our substance, life, and blood are at his service. Through His death He has restored life to us, has absolved us from our sins, reconciled us with Himself, and has gathered a people that is His property to show forth His praises. Oh, that the death of our Lord Jesus may bring all men to life, and that all might follow this faithful Shepherd!"

Adversity came to them very soon; they found that it was difficult to catch fish, and in a storm they

lost their boat. The Greenlanders, too, were very shy of them; would not, indeed, talk to them on any subject, and to every entreaty gave the same answer—that they wanted to know when they would go back again. Mr. Egede gave them every assistance as regards the language; but the prospect seemed so unfruitful that it appeared as if their use of it to any purpose was very remote.

Then came an awful and unlooked-for visitation, which proved, however, a hand to break down the barrier between them and the natives. Two Greenland children had been sent by Mr. Egede to Europe, but their health being precarious, they had been sent back for a time to their native country. One of them, a girl, died on the voyage; but the boy, to all appearance in good health, reached Greenland, and went to visit his friends. There he fell ill, and it was soon clear that he had brought home the fearful disease of small-pox. Directly Mr. Egede heard of it, and had seen the boy, he sent special messengers to warn the people against mingling with the infected persons; but this they disregarded, and so the epidemic spread. Wholly unacquainted with the disease, they soon became mad with pain and horror; many killed themselves, either with their knives, or by quenching their fever and their life in wild plunging into the cold sea. For a time the effect upon them was only to harden their hearts. Says their chroniclers:—

"One man, whose son had died, stabbed his wife's sister, in the mad presumption that she had bewitched him to death. Nay, the Europeans had reason to fear an assault (especially as a shallop, gone abroad to trade, stayed out beyond its time), because the



EGEDE IN THE HOSPITAL.

Greenlanders accused them as the cause of this pest, and they were confirmed in it by the dream of an old woman, that the Greenlander, Charles, who came back from Copenhagen, would murder all his country-people. A Greenlander came from a quite healthy place to visit his sister at the colony ; before he set foot on shore he thought he saw her apparition, which so frightened him that he rowed back, fell sick directly, and infected the people where he dwelt."

Though the natives were involved in so much misery, and though death stared them in the face, they continued in their usual way of inattention and obduracy. No reflection and no caution was to be thought of, much less any concern about the present or future condition of their souls. Nay, the living did not bewail, as otherwise usual, the death of their nearest relations ; the old people, indeed, cried to God in their distress as well as they knew how ; but when, notwithstanding, the evil grew worse, they uttered impatient, desponding, very blasphemous speeches, would hear of no patience or resignation to the will of God, nor accept any admonition to commit themselves to the faithful Shepherd, but died away in their unbelief.

One may easily imagine how Mr. Egede felt in this woful case. He did not sit still, but went continually about everywhere, sometimes alone, and sometimes in the company of the Brethren, or sent his son to instruct and comfort the poor people, and to prepare them for death. They found in most places nothing but empty and depopulated houses and unburied dead, some within, and some without the house, lying in the snow, which they covered with stones. In one island they found only one girl ill,

and her three little brothers. The father, having first buried all the people in that place, laid himself and his smallest sick child in a grave raised with stones, and ordered the girl to cover him with skins and stones, that he might not be devoured by the foxes and ravens ; then she and the rest of the children were to live on a couple of seals and some dried herrings that were left till they could get to the Europeans. Accordingly, Mr. Egede sent for them to his colony. He lodged all the sick that fled to him, and the Brethern followed his example. They laid as many in their own rooms and sleeping chambers as they would contain, and attended and nursed them as well as they could, although the insufferable stench of the sick and dying affected their own health very much. Many a one was touched with a grateful impression by such evident proofs of love, which were more than they ever expected even from their own countrymen, and one man, who had always derided them, said to the minister before his end, "Thou hast done for us what our own people would not do, for thou hast fed us when we had nothing to eat ; thou hast buried our dead, who would else have been consumed by the dogs, foxes, and ravens ; thou hast also instructed us in the knowledge of God, and hast told us of a better life."

Surely such heroism and self-abnegation deserved to be remembered. These noble men, infused with the love of their Divine Master, went about as He would have done among these unhappy sufferers doing good. The soldier, who seeks "the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," shows a courage inferior to theirs, and yet for him is triumphant praise,

and perchance a statue in bronze. But the reward of these Moravians is in Heaven.

When the plague was stayed, it was found that the country was to a large extent depopulated. Only eight had survived it on the shores of Balls River, and Mr. Egede calculated that the dead were not less than three thousand. The traders coming on the coast some months afterwards found the huts empty, and whole villages without a human being. The new missionaries had now little room for encouragement. The country all round their settlement of New Herrnhut, as they had called it, was cleared of inhabitants by the ravages of this disease, and it is not surprising that some counselled return. To emphasise this advice, they found themselves upon the brink of starvation, for their own fishing had so utterly failed, and the Greenlanders would sell them nothing except at exorbitant prices. Often after exposure of days to the waves, they were compelled to live upon the seaweed, and this brought upon them an illness which for the time deprived them of the use of their limbs. Indeed, had it not been for the kindness of Mr. Egede and his devoted wife they must have perished. This help, however, was necessarily growing less, as their own settlement of Good Hope was threatened with famine, and supplies were running short. What should they do? One of their letters thus describes the situation in which they found themselves :—

"We are at present in a school of faith, and see not the least prospect before us. We can perceive no trace of anything good among the heathens ; no, not so much as a sigh, and the poor creatures find death

where they should have found life. As for us, let us look where we will, we see nothing in ourselves but poverty and misery without and within. Without, we find not the bodily strength and ability requisite to stand it out in this land; this is a gift to be yet bestowed upon us from the hand of God. At present we are severely handled by sickness, though we believe that our constitutions will only be purged and seasoned by it, that we may be able to endure the more in the service of the Lord. We acknowledge it also as a peculiar kind Providence that our sickness was to wait till we removed into our house. Within, everything that could spring from human good-will, even our alacrity to learn the language, is fallen away, nothing but what grace has wrought abides by us. . . . What gives us hope is, that God suffers His children to pass through straits to the work in view, and our joy is the remembering and being remembered by the many children of God in Europe."

In their dire extremity God saved them from the peril of death. One day, when exhausted and despairing, a strange Greenlander, named Ippagen, made his appearance, having come forty leagues from the south, and told them how he had made his way thither on purpose to supply them with food. It came out that in one of their excursions some months before they had showed some kindness to this man in his native village, and he had gone in search of them now, fearing they might be in want.

The fourth year of their stay had just been entered upon when a ship was sighted, and the captain had a letter from a friend in Amsterdam, who had sent them a cask containing several stores of provisions.

This they felt to be an interposition of Providence, for they were then at the very last pinch of poverty, and had almost given up hope of hearing from Europe after a silence of nearly two years.

Patience almost more than human was required in dealing with the natives. Although exceedingly ignorant, they were full of conceit of their own notions,

NEW HERRNHUT.

(*From the original sketch in Crantz's "History of Greenland."*)

I. The Dwelling and Meeting-house. II. The right wing, containing the School room, Kitchen, Bake-house, and Well. III. The left wing, or the European Provision House and a Place for Wood. IV. The Garden. V. The Brook. VI. The European Boat-house. VII. Greenland Houses. VIII. The Greenland Provision House. IX. The Burying-ground.

and ready at any time to argue the point with the missionaries when the way of salvation was explained to them. Sometimes they flippantly replied to their inquiries by saying, "Oh yes, we believe it all," but it was too evident that such a belief was extremely superficial. One of the missionaries attempted on a

certain occasion to explain to a crowd of Esquimaux the history of the creation, and continued until the age of Abraham was reached, to which they all nodded assent as usual. "We believe it perfectly," they said. But when the missionary had finished speaking they began to recite to him the ridiculous fables and legends of their gods and magicians, and asked him whether he believed all that. When he said no, giving as an argument that it was inconsistent with reason and common sense, they had their answer ready: "If thou wilt not believe us upon our words, thou must not desire us to believe what we cannot comprehend upon thy word."

So little fruit indeed was seen of their work, that these faithful men began to ask themselves whether after all they were called to the work. They shrunk from no danger or privation, having indeed endured as much as flesh and blood could stand hitherto, but their love for the souls of these heathens prompted the inquiry whether it was not possible that God had others who could become more successful than they. To this end they held in their humble dwellings what they called their hours of examination, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, "when each of them should, as he should be inclined, and without restraint, yet uprightly as before the eyes of God, and according to the best of his knowledge, declare what had passed in his soul throughout the day, what had come into his mind to ask in prayer for himself, for his brethren, for all the children of God in Christendom, and for these heathens, and finally what hindrances or offences had occurred to him in himself or from others. They would at the same time remind, and if necessary,

admonish and reprove one another, would take this from each other in love and amend, and then would commit their wants to the Lord in fellowship, and thus help to bear one another's burdens. This little weekly gathering became a sort of class-meeting, and in the midst of their trials and discouragements, they found strength and hope in fellowship one with another. Very seriously they drew up a Covenant, and after weeks of prayer and meditation thereon, they signed their names and bound themselves as follows:—

"I. We will never forget that in a confidence resting upon God our Saviour, in whom all the nations of the earth shall be blessed, we came hither, not on the principle of seeing but believing.

"II. The knowledge of Christ, how He effected on His Cross the purification of our sins through His blood, and is the cause and source of eternal salvation to all them that believe, shall be the principal doctrine among us, which we will confirm by our word and walk, according to the ability God shall be pleased to give us; and by this we will endeavour to bring the heathen to the obedience of faith.

"III. We will diligently endeavour to learn the language, in love, patience, and hope.

"IV. We will own and value the grace of each other, in honour prefer one another, and be subject to each other in the fear of the Lord.

"V. We will steadfastly maintain brotherly discipline, admonition, and correction, according to the rule of Christ, and will withdraw from any one who doth not walk according to the purity of the Gospel, and will exclude him so long from the kiss of love and peace

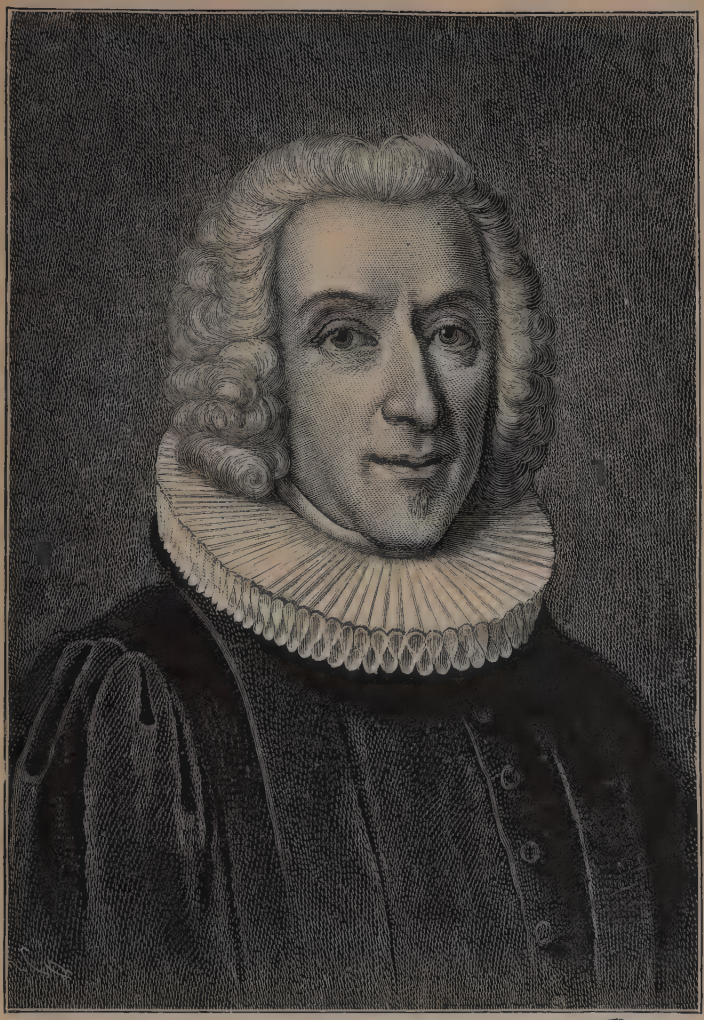
(which we do now introduce as a token of our true fellowship) till he humbles himself before God and the brethren.

"VI. We will do our outward labour in the name of the Lord, and if any one is negligent therein, we will admonish him.

"VII. Yet we will not be anxious and say, 'What shall we eat and what shall we drink, and wherewithall shall we be clothed?' but cast our care upon Him who feeds the sparrows and clothes the flowers of the field. Nevertheless, we will at the same time take notice of the word of the Lord, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' and that of the Apostle, Acts xx. 34, 'You yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me,' and again, 'I have shown you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak.' Upon this they received the Holy Sacrament, by which their hearts were strengthened in a particular manner in faith and love, and bound together in their common call."

How much they needed this consecration and increase of faith may be gathered from the fact that with starvation staring them in the face, they were continually being menaced by the hostile Greenlanders, who could not understand their patience, and mocked contemptuously at their willingness to suffer. "Your countrymen," said they, "are good-for-nothing people; be sure they have sent you nothing, and you will not act wisely if you do not go back again."

Sometimes threatened with death if they did not go, at other times robbed and scoffed at because they stayed, the mettle of their spirit was sorely tried.



Hans Egede.

But they had the true missionary hearts, and were not to be swerved from the path of duty. A scrap of a letter written at this time is preserved, and this gives us an insight into the heart of these heroes of the Cross.

"We commit our ways to the Lord. We do not know what He intends to do with us, and as little do we understand what His secret hand has been doing among the heathen. So much we observe that more trials await us, yea, we believe that the issue will be truly glorious, and when He has exercised us enough, and found us faithful to Him, and the call He has given us, He will not fail to let us see His glory. Our Bible hour is a particular blessing to our hearts in these circumstances, and He grants us many a solution in our affair. We feel that He is with us, and although people that look at things present, and are insensible to future things, can neither see nor comprehend matters in the beginning, and look upon us simple servants either as fools or conceited men, who only want to begin something new and erect ourselves a name, yet we firmly believe that He will in due time prosper the work of our hands which is *His* work, and make it manifest that He hath chosen and called us to this labour. May only Jesus Christ who is yesterday and to-day the same, never withhold His grace from His poor and helpless creatures, but keep us through His strength willing to serve the heathen at His beck, and then in time all will issue to His praise."

Once more, and for the last time, we turn our eyes from the Moravian Settlement at Herrnhut, to Hans Egede and his colony. The ship which brought the gifts from Amsterdam was setting sail homewards again, and Egede, the pioneer worker for Christ in

these snowy solitudes, reluctantly stepped on board to go back. For fifteen years he had laboured amongst these people, and spent his strength in a service as devoted as any in the annals of a missionary enterprise. He yearned for home. His faithful wife, the loving partner of his sufferings, had sickened and died in his arms, and the infirm and sorrowful man prepared to take her precious remains to be buried in her native land. "It is known to many," said he, in speaking of her, "with what patience, nay, with what alacrity she put her shoulder with mine, to bear her part of the labours and adversities we had to endure, nay, how often she comforted and cheered up my mind, when it was disheartened and depressed by such reiterated obstacles and repulses." He gathered the people together, and preached his farewell sermon from the text, "I said I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for naught in vain, yet surely my judgment is with the Lord and my work with my God." His farewell with the Brethren was very affecting; he assured them again and again of his sincere love for them, and prayed that whatever of the blessing of the Lord he had experienced in the work might, like the prophet's mantle, rest upon them with power. His heart was evidently very full, when in a few words of broken utterance he commended Greenland to their care. "I wish you," he said, "the divine blessing and assistance in your call and office, and I cherish a lively hope that God will still bring the work in Greenland, which I must now leave full of heaviness, to a glorious issue." At the close he baptised a little Greenland boy, and with a sorrowful spirit sailed away. Reaching Copenhagen, he laid

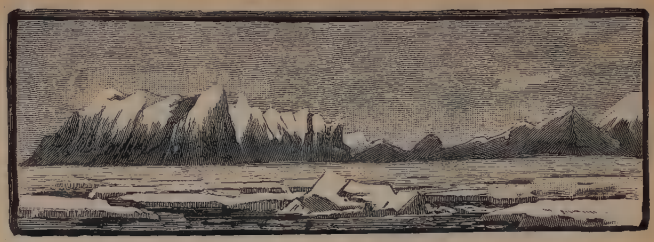
his wife to rest in the quiet churchyard of St. Nicholas, and devoted himself then to advocate the cause which he had so much at heart, and to which he had given his life. His strength, however, began to fail, and his closing years were spent with his daughter on the Island of Falster, where on the 5th of November, 1758, he passed away, in the 73rd year of his age.

"Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

"Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and strivings cease,
Where flows for ever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

"There from the music round about one stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last beneath Thy tree of healing
The life for which I long."

WHITTIER.



CHAPTER VIII.

HOW THE GREENLANDERS LIVE.

The sheep are bleating on the snowclad wold,
The night is darkening, and the tempests rave ;
What faithful shepherd will the lost enfold,
And save the wretched from a wintry grave ?

WHEN Egede landed in Greenland, he was, as has been seen, disappointed with the appearance of the people who were to be his future care. They were certainly not attractive. In the first place he noted their diminutive size, and that their faces, with high cheekbones, small noses, and tawny skins, displayed a very small share of intelligence. They were evidently very stupid in disposition, and a nearer acquaintance revealed that they were dirty and repulsive in their habits of daily life. Such a desirable custom as washing themselves is evidently little practised, and partly in consequence of this and of the constant use of train-oil, which they thickly smear over their faces and bodies, they grow up from being white babies at the beginning to become brown, sallow and unhealthy

looking. And yet they are generally rather fat and well made, and notwithstanding their ill looks, consider themselves exceedingly handsome and well bred. When they come in contact with Europeans they are always ready to assume their own superiority and say if the stranger is specially shy and civil, "He is almost as well bred as we," or, "He begins to be a man, that is to be a Greenlander." Such a self-conceit, of course, is not by any means peculiar to the Arctic regions, but, at any rate, in the matter of personal appearance it is seldom so little justified. They are rather a melancholy people, little disposed to make friends, and contented with their position in life and the simple round of work which falls daily to their share. They lack perseverance, and if a thing they take in hand does not soon turn out well they cast it aside; and yet as an exception in their seal fishing they can display wonderful patience, sitting for hours without sound or movement waiting for their game. Their clothing is simple; the outer garment, made of the skin of reindeer or seal, and shaped like a waggoner's smock, is put on over their heads and fastened under their chins. The other garments are also made from skins, and are so joined together that neither the wet, snow nor the cold east wind can penetrate. The only difference between the dress of the men and the women is that the outer tunic or smock worn by the latter is made pointed in front, and the mothers have a sort of burnous across their shoulder, in which the baby very happily spends its earliest days. They have all very black, straight hair, which the men cut short except a kind of fringe over their foreheads; but the ladies

are very proud of their tresses, and are especially vain of the manner in which they dress them. They gather the hair up very tightly from all sides of their head and then tie it up as a knot or tuft, the most fashionable being the ladies who can arrange this tuft up the highest. It is held together with a band of sealskin coloured, the unmarried girls wearing red,

GREENLANDERS' WINTER DWELLINGS.

the married women blue, the mothers green, the widows black, and the very old women white. This style of cultivating the hair is not altogether conducive to its growth, however, as the extreme tightness of the method renders the wearer bald long before old age.

The men never wear beards, and pluck out every

scrap of hair which appears upon their face, while the women think it a mark of beauty to have a black line, made of thread and soot, drawn round their chins and on their cheeks.

In the summer time they live in skin tents, but in winter have more permanent residences, indeed, their houses are made with skill. The illustration given of one of these winter dwellings is admirably described by Crantz, as follows :—

"These houses are ten fathoms in breadth, and from four to twelve fathoms in length, according as more or fewer live in them, and just so high as a person can stand erect in. They are not built underground as is commonly thought, but on some elevated place and preferable on a steep rock, because the melted snow-water will run off the better. They lay great stones upon one another near a fathom broad, and layers of earth and sods between them. On these walls they rest the beam the length of the house ; if one beam is not long enough they join two or three, or even four together with leather straps, and support them with posts. They lay rafters across these and small wood again between the rafters. All this they cover with bilberry bushes, then with turf, and last of all, throw fine earth on the top. As long as it freezes, these roofs hold pretty well, but when the summer rains come, they fall mostly in, and both roof and wall must be repaired again the ensuing autumn. They never build far from the water, because they must live from the sea, and the entrance is towards the seaside. These houses have neither door nor chimney. The use of both is supplied by a vaulted passage made of stone and

earth two or three fathoms long, entering through the middle of the house. It is so very low that it is scarcely sufficient to stoop, but one must almost creep in on hands and feet, especially where we first step down into the passage both from within and without. This long entry keeps off the wind and cold excellently, and lets out the thick air, for smoke they have none. The walls are hung inside with old, worn tent and boat skins, fastened with nails made of the ribs of seals; this is to keep off the damps. The roof is also covered with them outside.

"From the middle of the house to the wall, the whole length of the house, there is a raised floor or broad bench, a foot high, made of boards and covered with skins. This floor is divided into several apartments, resembling horses' stalls, by skins reaching from the posts that support the roof to the wall. Each family has each a separate stall, and the number of families occupying one such house are from three to ten. On these floors they sleep upon pelts; they also sit upon them all the day long, the men foremost with their legs hanging down, the women commonly cross-legged behind them in the Turkish mode. The woman cooks and sews, and the man carves his tackle and tools. On the front wall of the house where the entry is, are several square windows the size of two full feet, made out of seals' guts and halibuts' maws, and sewed so neat and tight that the wind and the snow is kept out and the daylight let in. A bench runs along the windows the whole length of the house; on this the strangers sit and sleep.

GREENLANDERS AND DOGS.

"By every post is a fire-place. They lay a block of wood upon the ground, and upon that a flat stone; on the stone a low three-legged stool hewn out of one of their French chalk or soft bastard marble about a foot long; and formed almost like a half-moon, it stands in an oval wooden bowl to receive the train-oil that runs over. In this lamp filled with train of seals, they lay on the right side some moss rubbed fine, instead of cotton, which burns so bright, that the house is not only sufficiently lighted with so many lamps, but warmed too. But the chief article is still behind—viz., that over this lamp a bastard marble kettle hangs by four strings fastened to the roof, which kettle is a foot long and half-a-foot broad, and shaped like a longish box. In this they boil all their meat. Still over that they fasten a wooden rack, on which they lay their wet clothes and skins to dry."

It needs scarcely be said that the atmosphere of these close, unventilated rooms is most unbearably offensive. Their lamps are burning day and night, and it will be easily imagined how much self-denial these devoted missionaries exercised, when, during that awful plague they crept into such dens to tend the sick and dying. And yet the chronicler adds, "in other respects we are at a loss which to admire most, their excellently contrived house-keeping, which they have comprised within the smallest circle, their content and satisfaction in poverty, in the midst of which they imagine they are richer than we, or finally, their apparent order and stillness in such a narrow crowded compass."

Their food consists almost entirely of seal flesh or dry herrings, and as they generally make but one meal a-day, they eat like gluttons, and take no thought for

the morrow. When they can get it they feast inordinately, but when the seals have withdrawn in the early part of the year, they have no provisions in store, and suffer hunger even unto death. Their drink, in the days when Egede came, was water, and the sin of drunkenness was unknown. They showed their abhorrence of strong liquors, calling it by the very apt name of mad-water, but after a time they tasted brandy and got a craving for it, and exhibited the usual degradation which follows its use.

"They have two kinds of boat, the kayak for the men, sharp at head and stern like a weaver's shuttle, and the umiak or women's boat, exclusively used by them. In the use of the kayak the Greenlander is very expert, and goes through a long training to qualify himself for such a dangerous craft. The great peril is of being overturned by the waves, and against this he arms himself for learning to turn entirely over in the water, his whole body being submerged under the boat, and then regaining his position by a twist of the oar. The experiment is a risky one, but when proficient he can without fear meet any storm or calamity at sea.

"The method of catching seals is attended with some danger, especially the way most common in the time of Egede, called the bladder style. The Greenlander sets out in his kayak with both wind and sun at his back, so that the seal may neither hear nor see him. Immediately it is observed coming up to the surface of the water for air, he throws his harpoon with trained accuracy, the same being secured to the kayak by a long line. When struck, the seal dives down, and the man then disengages the end of the

rope, and ties a large bladder thereto, which for a few moments is also dragged under the water by the wounded seal. When it comes up again another small harpoon is flung at its body, and thus in time it dies and is dragged after the kayak homewards. In this exercise the Greenlander is exposed to the most and greatest danger of his life, which is probably the reason why they call this hunt or fishery, kamavok, *i.e.*, the extinction, viz., of life. For if the line should entangle itself, as it easily may, in its sudden and

GREENLANDERS' HOUSE FOR THREE FAMILIES.

violent motion, or if it should catch hold of the kayak or wind itself round the oar, or the hand, or even the neck, as it sometimes does in windy weather, or if the seal should turn suddenly to the other side of the boat, it cannot be otherwise than that the kayak must be overturned by the string and drawn down under water. On such desperate occasions the poor Greenlander stands in need of all the arts already described to disentangle himself from the string, and

to raise himself up from under the water several times successively, for he will be continually overturning till he has quite disengaged himself from the line. Nay, when he imagines himself to be out of danger and comes too near the dying seal, it may still bite him in the face or hand, and a female seal that has young, instead of flying the field, will sometimes fly at the Greenlander in the most vehement rage and do him a mischief, or bite a hole in his kayak that he must sink."

In their domestic life the Greenlanders were found by the missionaries to have many admirable points of character. Husband and wife live happily together with very few jealousies or jars, and the affection which they bestow upon their children is remarkable. They are brought up without any severe discipline, and are rarely reprimanded or chastised by their parents. It must be said that they deserve this kind treatment, for they give little trouble, and are satisfied with their simple games, and early learn to be of service in the fishing or housekeeping. They are amenable to kind words, and as they grow up into their teens expect to be placed upon equality as friends; and any attempt to force them against their inclinations to do anything is met with a distinct and abrupt "I will not." One of their drawbacks is that when their parents or grand-parents get advanced in years they show them scant respect. The women have a hard time of it. After her twentieth year she becomes a perfect slave in the house, ill clad and worse fed. But for all their fear, labour, and vexation of spirit, the women live to a greater age than the men, who are generally prematurely aged by the

sufferings at sea; and by the habit of almost starving and then giving way to gluttony, the male sex rarely live beyond fifty years. But the women hold on to life until seventy, eighty, or even older, and they betake themselves to witchcraft, lying, and the like, for the purpose of a livelihood.

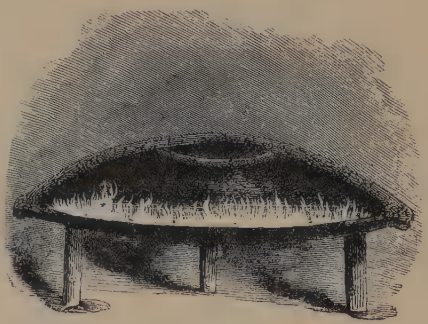
Here is a good account of their domestic felicity from an eye-witness:—

"Several different families with their children of divers ages live in one house, so still, circumspect, and peaceful that less disturbance is perceived than in many a mansion where only two families dwell, that are perhaps also near relatives. And should one of them imagine himself injured by others, he only removes to another house without saying a murmuring word. They are glad to be assistant to each other, and live in some respects in common, yet without one's relying upon another's labours and growing negligent and idle himself. If a man returns home with provision in the evening, especially with a seal in winter, which are then scarce and hard to be caught, he gives a portion to all in the house, even the poor widows, and invites some neighbours besides to partake of his good cheer. But no one asks for anything to eat, let him be as poor and hungry as he will, nor is it necessary, because hospitality is practised all over the country, both toward their acquaintance and strangers. This custom is the more requisite and laudable, because the different seasons and occupations often call them many leagues from home, and they cannot find everywhere time and opportunity to catch what is necessary for their subsistence."

Although a serious race they have their merry

times, and are very fond of dancing. One of their principal events is the sun feast, when they assemble to the sound of a small drum made of whalebone and a stretched whale's tongue. One man who tattoos on the drum sings some song, leaping about in indescribable antics all the while. At the end of each stanza the people round the ring join in the chorus of "Amna Ajah, Ajah, ah-ah!" and the complete cantata, which is in praise of the orb of day, runs thus :—

"The welcome sun returns again,
Amna ajah, ajah, ah-hu!
And brings us weather fine and fair,
Amna ajah, ajah, ah-hu!"



GREENLAND LAMP.

CHAPTER IX.

THEIR RELIGIOUS IDEAS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

"As through the glimmering veil of early dawn
In outline blurred appears each flower and tree,
So sees the heathen, in his darkness born,
Through brightening haze, the Christ that is to be."

IN order to thoroughly understand the work of Egede and his successors in the Greenland mission field, it will be necessary to know what was the religion already possessed by the natives before the Gospel came to their ears and understanding. Previous to the missionaries coming, the common report given by the sailors who had had intercourse with the people was that they were gross and cruel idolaters, worshipping the sun, and believing very strongly in the devil. This notion of their worship no doubt arose from noticing their practice of standing in crowds in certain places in the early morning to see

the sun rise, not, however, as an act of adoration, but in order that they might judge the coming weather. In like manner the sailors had found altars of stone, upon which were remains of fire and bones, and from this slender evidence they assumed that the natives had there sacrificed to the Evil One! But a closer acquaintance with the people by the missionaries soon disclosed the fact that these were simply the places where the Greenlanders dressed and cooked their food, and that while, in common with all heathen everywhere, they had a strong belief in the devil, there was no trace of any worship to him being found. It would be hardly just to speak of them as having no religion because there was no public acknowledgment of their Deity and no places of worship, for they proved, in many cases, to be a very intelligent and thoughtful people, who, notwithstanding a sort of native stupidity, were always willing to discuss and consider any new views about the Divine Being and the future state. As an instance of this the following may be cited:—"A missionary once being in company with some baptised Greenlanders, expressed his wonder how they could formerly lead such a senseless life, void of reflection. Upon this one of them answered as follows:—'It is true we were ignorant heathens and knew nothing of a God or a Saviour, and indeed, who should tell us of Him until you came? But thou must not imagine that no Greenlander thinks about these things. I myself have often thought. A kayak with all its tackle and implements does not grow into existence of itself, and must be made by the labour and ingenuity of man, and one that does not understand it would directly spoil it. Now the meanest

bird has far more skill displayed in its structure than the best kayak, and no man can make a bird. But there is a still far greater art shown in the formation of a man than of any other creature. Who was it that made him? I bethought me he proceeded from his parents and they from their parents. But some must have been the first parents; whence did they come? Common report informs me they grew out of the earth. But, if so, why does it not still happen that man grows out of the earth? And from whence did this same earth itself, the sea, the sun, the moon, and stars, arise into existence? Certainly there must be some Being who made all these things, a Being that always was and can never cease to be. He must be inexpressibly more mighty, knowing, and wise, than the wisest man. He must be very good too, because everything that He has made is good, useful, and necessary for us. Ah! did I but know Him, how would I love and honour Him? But who has seen Him? Who has ever conversed with Him? None of us poor men. Yet there may be men too that know something of Him; oh, could I but speak with such! Therefore (said he), as soon as ever I heard you speak of this great Being, I believed it directly with all my heart, because I had so long desired to hear it.'"

Another added his testimony in these words:— "A man is quite different from the beasts. The brutes have no understanding, but they serve for food to each other, and also for the use of man. But man has an intelligent soul, is subject to no creature in the world, and yet man is afraid of the future state. Who is it that he is afraid of there? That must be

a great Spirit that has dominion over us. Oh, did we but know Him ; oh, had we but Him for our friend." Surely these were sincere seekers after God. Although a few of the Greenlanders professed to believe in no difference between the man and the beast as regards the soul, the majority held a strong belief in the soul, together with some strange notions relating thereto. Thus, some believed that the soul increased or decreased, and at will might leave the body with apparent effect ; others held that every one had two souls—viz., the shadow and the breath of man, and that in the night season this volatile shadow escapes and goes hunting, dancing, or travelling. This is accounted for by the lively dreams of the Greenlanders. There were also traces amongst these people of a belief in the transmigration of the soul, especially in the case of deceased children, whose souls are supposed to inhabit their surviving brothers and sisters.

As regards their ideas of a future state, they have a general impression that it will in any case be better than the present. Crantz, in a very clear and interesting manner, thus describes their belief in this respect :—" As the Greenlanders acquire the most and best of their sustenance from the bosom of the sea, therefore, many or most of them place their elysium in the abysses of the ocean or the bowels of the earth, and think the deep cavities of the rocks are the avenues leading thereto. There dwells Torngarsuk and his mother, there a joyous summer is perpetual, and a shining sun is obscured by no night, there is the fair, limpid stream, and an exuberance of fowls, fishes, reindeer, and their beloved seals ; and these are

all to be caught without toil, nay, they are even found in a great kettle boiling alive. But to these seals none must approach but those that have been dexterous and diligent at their work (for this is their grand idea of virtue), that have performed great exploits, have mastered many whales and seals, have undergone great hardships, have been drowned in the sea, or died in childbed. Hence it is obvious they had formerly a tradition that good would be rewarded. But to proceed, the disembodied soul does not enter dancing into the elysium fields, but must spend five whole days, and some say longer, in sliding down a rugged rock which is thereby become full of blood and gore. I cannot say whether the ground of this fable was a notion of the purgation of the soul; or only in general that one is to pass *per aspera ad astra*. Those unfortunate souls that are obliged to perform this rough journey in the cold winter, or in boisterous weather, are peculiar objects of their pity, because they may be easily destroyed on the road, which destruction they call the second death, and describe it as perfect extinction, and this is the most dreadful consideration of all to them. Therefore, during these five days or upwards, the surviving relatives must abstain from certain meats and from all noisy work (except the necessary fishing), that the soul may not be disturbed in its perilous passage, or even perish. Hence it might be supposed that their ancestors, perhaps, offered some oblations for the departed souls of their relations; at least, this is quite discernible that the stupid Greenlanders as well as the sensible ancient heathens conceive a horror at the thoughts of the entire annihilation of the soul.

"Others, that are charmed with the beauty of the celestial bodies, soar beyond the rainbow to the loftiest sky to seek their paradise there; and they imagine the flight thither is so easy and rapid that the soul rests the same evening in the mansion of the moon, who was a Greenlander, and there it can dance and play at ball with the rest of the souls; for they interpret the northern lights to be the dance of sportive souls. There the souls are placed in tents round a vast lake where fish and fowl abound. When this lake overflows it rains upon the earth, but should once the dam break there would be a general deluge.

"But the first of the sects maintain that none but the worthless, lazy wretches ascend up into the aerial void and find there a great famine of all things, for which reason the souls are exceedingly meagre, weak, and languid, especially as they can have no repose on account of the rapid rotation of the heavens; that wicked people and witches especially are to be banished thither, and they will be so infested with ravens that they will not be able to keep them off their hair. But the last sect think they know their destiny better; they shall associate with a group of souls like themselves, and shall feed upon nothing but seals' heads, which will never be consumed."

It is always curious to discover in lands which for the first time become accessible to the outer world, traces in their religious belief and doctrine of the facts and teaching of Holy Scriptures. Traditions of the creation, the flood, and the judgment to come, are everywhere cropping up in the language and religious thought of the people. When Egede went to

Greenland he found that they called the first created man, Kallak, who is reported to have sprung out of the earth and that his wife sprung out of his thumb, and that they became the first parents of the race. The fall they ascribed to a saying of the woman, "Let these die to make room for their posterity," and thus

SUMMER TUPICS OR TENTS.

death entered into the world. They have many traditions of the flood, speaking of one man only being saved from the general destruction, and that he afterwards smote the ground with his stick and out sprang a woman, who, like a second Eve, repeopled

the world. And they point, as evidence of the flood, to the sea-shells and bones of whales on the tops of high mountains far inland.

Respecting the resurrection of the dead, Mr. Paul Egede, who took up his father's work and deserves to inherit some of his father's fame, discovered amongst the Greenlanders a belief that in distant periods of time all mankind will have ceased to live, and that this earth will then be dashed to pieces and purified from the contamination of the dead by a vast flood of water. Then shall blow a wind gathering the clean washed dust together, and a more beautiful world will replace the old. There will then be no more bare and barren rocks but lovely fields overspread with verdure and perpetual delights. The animals will be reanimated, but men, *Pirksoma*, this is what they say is their portion, "Then He that is above will breathe upon them and they shall live."

Correctly speaking, the Greenlanders acknowledge but one Deity, the good and great spirit Torngarsuk. They do not credit him with the creation of all things, but they know that after death they go to him and become strong through his strength. He is their superior or supreme god, just as Jupiter or Pluto were regarded by the ancients, but they do not render him any worship or special honour. It is possible that in ages past a more definite creed was accompanied by some sort of adoration and even sacrifice, but if a Greenlander is seen setting apart a piece of blubber or seal's flesh near a great stone, he can give no other explanation of his action than that his forefathers did the same to insure success in their fishing.

They are, however, taught to believe in another spirit who has no name, but is known as a malevolent woman, a horrible Proserpine living in the infernal regions under the sea. There, she is supposed to exert great influence, holding the creatures of the ocean in her thrall by a magic lamp. But she may be conquered by the angekok, who, when calamities come, is supposed to make a journey to her under the guidance of his own particular familiar spirit. The description of his passage thither is full of fantastic horrors until he approaches the abyss or awful vacuum, in front of which a wheel of ice revolves with terrific rapidity. After that he has a conflict with the goddess and destroys her enchantments.

But the religion of these Greenlanders is embodied in the influence of the angekoks or priests—perhaps a better term would be magicians. Like the priests everywhere they profess to stand between the great spirit who can harm and the human victim. Their assumption of power is most astounding, but the poor, superstitious people dare not, even if they felt they ought, oppose their wishes or discredit their powers. Every angekok professes to have an attendant spirit, and, like the mediums of a later day, are constantly pretending to transmit messages from the unseen to a gaping and credulous crowd. He reminds the people that the air is full of apparitions of the departed whom he alone can see, and one of Egede's sons was told by a boy that on one occasion he was playing with other boys in broad daylight when he was taken hold of by his mother who had been buried there and who said, "Do not be frightened, I am thy mother and love thee, thou wilt live

with strange people who will instruct thee concerning Him who made heaven and earth."

Before a man can become an angekok, he has to pass through a long and painful preparation, retiring like the Indian holy men from all familiar sights and sounds, there in his lonely hermitage to meditate and call upon his god to send him a torngak, or familiar spirit. When fully gratified, he allows himself to be bound, and then in the dark goes off into a sort of convulsion, during which his soul is supposed to make the fateful journey to the shades. When it returns, he utters shouts of joy, and like the Delphian oracle, gives the message in such an obscure manner, that any subsequent event will be made to fit the prophecy.

Such men of course formed the principal and inveterate opposition to the missionaries. Egede took great pains and made himself liable to great dangers, in order to expose their fraudulent practices. But such was the influence of the angekok, that it was difficult to make the common folk believe that they were being imposed upon. The historian of the time very fairly sums up the character of these magicians. After describing their extravagant claims, he goes on to say :—

"This is so very coarse that the fraud betrays itself. The missionaries have also pointed it out to the Greenlanders quite plainly on many occasions, but they have never found any adequate ground to charge these poor people with a real dealing with Satan. Neither ought they all in a lump to be pronounced mere jugglers. There are some sensible, ingenious persons among them, though their number is but small; others are real phantasts, to whom something uncommon

may have happened; but the most are bare-faced deceivers.

"The sensible ones, whom we might call wise men, or genuine angekoks (for the word implies almost as much as a great and wise man), these, I say, have acquired a certain knowledge of nature, partly from the instructions of their predecessors, and partly through their own reflections and experiences, from which they may draw a pretty good conclusion of the weather, or a good or bad fishery, and consequently can advise people how to proceed in this and the other case. Their regimen with the sick is the same; they mean no other but to cheer up the patient, though legerdemain is the principal ingredient in the cordial, and as long as they themselves have any hopes of a recovery they will do their best to cure them, mostly by a diet that indeed is not so very ridiculous in many respects. And as their good understanding and conduct raises them to much repute, that others regulate themselves by them, they may be characterised as the virtuosos, philosophers, physicians, and moralists of the Greenlanders, as well as their deceivers.

"When Europeans talk solidly with such soothsayers, they bring the apparitions or conversations with the spirits, and all the prodigies connected with it; but they allege the traditions of their progenitors, who, however, are affirmed to have had revelations, and to have performed extraordinary cures, which were mostly of the sympathetic kind. They confess they were obliged to pretend certain visions, and to make portentious gesticulations to raise their credit among the simple people, and to give weight to their prescriptions."

The Greenlanders are great believers in the efficacy of amulets and charms. They generally are adorned with mysterious relics, bits of old wood, stones, bones; or a piece of leather will answer the purpose. When they go to the whale fishing, they must be all cleanly dressed, and all the lamps in the tent must be extinguished. They fasten to their kayak a model of it, with a little figure of a man holding a sword in his hand, so that they may not be over-set, and the possession of foxes' teeth and the talons of the eagle are of special value against accident or sickness. One of their curious burial customs, when committing to the earth the body of a child, is to put a dog's head also in the grave to lead the little spirit to the land of the eternally blest.

And yet with all their ignorance and superstitions, these poor Greenlanders in many cases lived righteous lives, and acted in a manner which might well be taken as an example by the more enlightened Christians in Europe. Their lack of knowledge and bondage to false ideas of religion, made the heart of Egede beat in true sympathy for them. In the British Museum is an ancient little volume containing his words, while still valiantly striving to win these precious souls for his Master. In an address in which he has been evidently pleading the cause so dear to his heart, he uses words which may fitly close this present chapter.

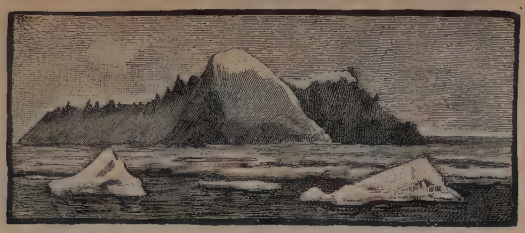
"The knowledge of God is undoubtedly that which affords the greatest happiness to mankind, as the want of it makes one the most wretched of all beings. But who would dare to deny it if I should find out somebody yet more wretched than they? And such

there are who have been blessed with a true knowledge of God, yet do nevertheless refuse Him that obedience, which as our Creator and Master, and in regard of our redemption and a thousand other particular kindnesses, He has the best of titles to demand, according as He requires it of us in His Holy Word. If the life of the Greenlanders, which we call poor and despicable, with respect to morality, be compared to that of the most pretended Christians, I am afraid they will confound them in the Day of Judgment. For though they have no law, yet, by the light of nature, they do some of the works of the law, as the Apostle says in Romans ii.

"What thoughts will any one harbour who seriously considers the predominant passions, as greediness after gain, covetousness, unmeasured ambition, and pride, sumptuous, voluptuous, and prodigal lives, every hatred and mutual persecutions and innumerable other vices and crimes of most Christians? Can any one help thinking that such evildoers (the remotest from the life which is God alone) must be deemed the most unhappy of all? Whilst on the other hand, the Greenlanders pass their lives, as I may say, in mutual innocence and simplicity. Their desires do not extend further than to necessary things; pomp and pride is unknown to them; hatred, envy, and persecution never plagued them; neither do they affect the dominion one over another. In short, every one is contented with his own state and condition, and is not tormented with unnecessary cares.

"Is this not the greatest happiness in this life? O happy people! What better things can one wish you than what you already possess? Have you no riches?

yet poverty does not trouble you. Have you no superfluity? yet you suffer no want. Is there no pomp or pride to be seen among you? Neither is there any slight or scorn to be met with. Is there no nobility or rank among you? Neither is there any slavery or bondage. What is sweeter than liberty? And what is happier than contentedness? But one thing is yet wanting. I mean the saving knowledge of God, and His dear Son, Jesus Christ, in which alone consists eternal life and happiness. And this is what we offer you in preaching to you the Holy Gospel! Now God, who bade light to shine forth in darkness, enlighten your hearts in the light of the knowledge of God's glorious appearance through Christ Jesus; may He deliver your souls from the serving of the devil, and of sinful lusts as you are free from corporeal bondage, to the end that you always may be free with the Lord, both in soul and body. Amen."



CHAPTER X.

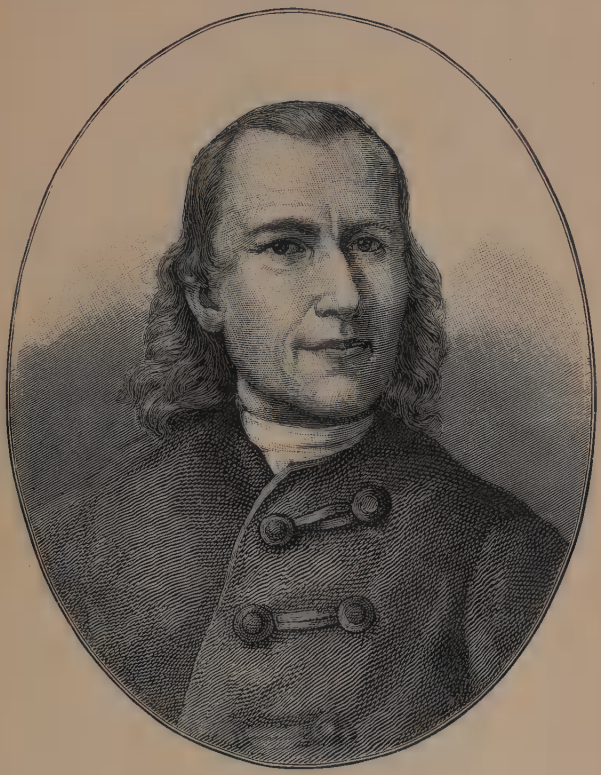
THE STORY OF KAJARNAK.

"He touched his eyes and there was light,
He filled his heart with love Divine,
And all his powers with new delight
And heavenly radiance do shine."

HITHERTO the work in Greenland, as far as the Moravian Brethren were concerned, had the disadvantage of being represented only by men. The importance of a Christian woman, who should undertake to bring her own sex among the Greenlanders under the influence of the Gospel, had been verified in the case of the devoted wife of Hans Egede. What she had been to her husband in the perilous and self-denying labour, to which he had devoted his life, it would be difficult to estimate. Her husband spoke very touchingly of her character after her lamented death. Specially he laid stress upon the patient faithfulness with which she stood by him, when hard pressed and tried. Referring to the time when they first came out, he says, "Though friends and relations vehemently impor-

tuned her, that if she had any regard for her own, for mine, or for our small children's temporal welfare, she should dissuade and withstand me in this project, so absurd and frantic in the eyes of all men ; yet, out of love to God and me, she was induced to join heart and hand with me in my undertaking, and like a faithful Sarah, to go with her Abraham from her own people and from her father's house, not to some paradise, but to a strange and disagreeable heathen land." Woman's work in the mission field is an element of admitted value to-day, and it was highly esteemed then, when one of the ships brought, as new auxiliaries, the mother of Matthew Stach, a widow of forty-five years, and her two daughters, Rosina, aged twenty-two, and Anna, twelve, to the colony of New Herrnhut. These new and welcome arrivals soon set to work putting the domestic house in order, which no doubt greatly required the touch of a woman's hand. They then began to study the language in earnest, and soon were able to speak to the Greenland women in the settlement. If they had imagined, however, that the natives would be equally pleased to receive them, they speedily found out their mistake, for the Greenlanders seemed at that time to persecute the Brethren with bitter animosity. They taunted them for their poverty, and when in reply the missionaries assured them that they had not come for any outward advantages, for money, or food, or drinking, but for their souls' sake, to teach them the will of God, they shouted : "*Illivse Ajokarsaromarpisigutt*," which meant, "Fine fellows, indeed, to be our teachers! We know very well that you yourselves are ignorant, and must learn your lesson off others."

The Brethren, like the Society of Friends, met this ill-usage with the policy of non-resistance. They were indeed as sheep in the midst of wolves, and like



MATTHEW STACH.

the early Christians, when, beset by the pagan ferocity of their day, they suffered humbly for Christ's sake. Their assailants pelted them with stones, climbed upon their backs, and offered them every conceivable

insult, and took delight in breaking everything within reach in their dwellings; one night, indeed, they had a very narrow escape of their lives. They had taken shelter in their tent, and finding someone outside cutting the skins which curtained their retreat, they hurried forth to find a number of Greenlanders with naked knives in their hands. They were afterwards told that the attack was an organised conspiracy to take their lives while asleep. Complaints were now made to the Factor of the Danish settlement of Good Hope, who admonished the natives and warned them of the consequences of their perfidy to the Brethren at New Herrnhut. But, such a reception was very disheartening, and their faith was sorely tried. With meekness, enduring and bravely working on, they seemed at times to be spending their strength for naught. Then God would grant them a glint of light, shining through the dark cloud of disappointment. Thus we find one of the Brethren, in his letter home in the summer of 1736, gratefully recorded this fact:—

"On 4th May we went to the Sound to pierce catfish with a prong, and pitched our tent adjoining to four Greenland tents. But they soon decamped and fled farther because they did not like our being there. While we were fishing on the 7th, a perfectly strange heathen, who arrived this spring fifty leagues off from the South, came to us and desired to see our things. We showed what things we had, supposing that he wanted to barter some Greenland food for our iron ware. But he remained quite still for a while. At length he said he had been with the *Pellesse* (which is their way of pronouncing the Danish word *Praest* or

minister) who had told him wonderful things of One that they said had made heaven and earth, and was called *Gud*. Did we know anything about it? If we did we should tell him something more, because he had forgot a great deal since. This made a deep impression on us, and we told him as well as we could of the creation of man and the intent thereof, of the fall and corruption of nature, of the redemption effected by Christ, of the resurrection of all men and eternal happiness or damnation. He listened very attentively to all that was said, stayed at our evening meeting, and slept all night in our tent.

"Now, dear brethren, this is the first Greenlander that has come to inquire of us concerning God and Divine things; those in the neighbourhood have done no such thing, though spiritual writings have been read to them so many years. Therefore bring your offerings and prayers before the Lord that He may arise and build His Zion even on this desert."

The sparseness of results had caused some to lose heart at home about the work, and a writer in mockery applied to the Greenland Brethren the words of the ancient poet:—

"Nos numeros fumus et fruges consumere nati."

It is related that when this taunt was seen by Count Zinzendorf he spread the criticism before the Lord as Hezekiah did his letter, and prayed earnestly that He would remove the reproach from the Brethren who were witnessing for the faith in Greenland. His prayer was shortly answered in a remarkable conversion. The Brethren in their work at New Herrnhut had to contend with a difficulty which did

not stand in the way of Egede. Many of the Greenlanders had for years lived near the Danish Settlement at Balls River, and had heard the truths of the Gospel so often that, instead of being wise unto salvation, their teaching had made them harder. They were ready enough to listen to any of the stories out of the Bible, but when the personal application came, and the missionaries urged upon them the need of repentance and a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, they grew inattentive and began to excuse themselves by saying that the truth was beyond their comprehension. How remarkable is the unity of unbelief as well as of faith in all ages, will be seen by the following reply which these poor Greenlanders gave, reasoning why they should take up and be satisfied with what we should call in our enlightened day the Agnostic question as regards religion.

"Show us the God you describe, then we will believe in Him and serve Him? You represent Him too sublime and incomprehensible; how shall we come at Him? Neither will He trouble Himself about us. We have invoked Him when we had nothing to eat or when we have been sick, but it is as if He would not hear us. We think what you say of Him is not true. Or if you know Him better than we, then do you by your prayers obtain for us sufficient food, a healthy body, and dry house, and that is all we desire or want. Our soul is healthy already, and nothing is wanting if we have but a sound body and enough to eat. You are another sort of folk than we; in your country people may perhaps have diseased souls, and, indeed, we see instances enough in those that come here that

they are good for nothing ; they *may* stand in need of a Saviour and of a Physician for the soul. Your heaven and your spiritual joys and felicities may be good enough for you, but this would be too tedious for us. We must have seals, fishes, and birds. Our soul can no more subsist without them than our bodies. We shall not find these in your heaven, therefore we will leave your heaven to you and the worthless part of the Greenlanders ; but, as for us, we will go down to Torngarsuk, where we shall find an exuberance of everything without any trouble."

After five years' toil in the Greenland field, Christian Stach returned to Europe to advocate the cause, and the youngest of the remaining missionaries, Frederick Boehnish, composed some verses descriptive of their position and prospects. This poetry may not be distinguished by any extraordinary merit as a composition, but as it was written on the spot by one of the workers, a few verses deserve to be rescued from the oblivion of the past and find a place in these pages.

"Here is a little company,
Who through Thy grace have chosen Thee,
Who count the tedious hours and days,
Till Thou diffuse Thy cheering rays ;
And bid us let these heathen know,
Thy grace, Thy choice, enfolds them too,
For Thou art He, the Scripture calls
The Saviour, promised unto souls.

* * * * *

"On every side, their hearts are hard,
With locks and bolts secured and barred,
If we accost the hoary head,
He gives no ear to what is said ;

Or tell the children of the star
That brought the wise men from afar,
To see the Child for heathens born,
They call the wise men fools in scorn.

"Yet certainly, 'twould be a shame
To see no more of that love's flame,
Which Jesus felt for every soul,
Here in this frigid, northern pole;
Particularly, since we stand
United in the Brethren's band.
O, my Immanuel, no land,
Can Thy grace at this hour withstand."

The confidence which is breathed in these lines was soon to be justified, and the faithful few at New Herrnhut would have cause to rejoice. And their labours were not altogether in vain. The first conversion was the result of a famine; the seal fishing had everywhere failed, and therefore the staple support of the Greenlanders was taken away, so that day after day crowds of famishing people gathered at the door of the mission-house begging for bread. This was given as freely as their limited supplies would allow. Among these applicants was a Greenlander named Mangek, who further asked permission to live with the Brethren and he would give them in exchange all the fish which he caught. At first they were suspicious of his sincerity and quite expected to see him disappear some evening, possibly with some of their provisions. But to their surprise and joy he listened eagerly to their instruction, and it was evident that God had begun a work of grace in his heart. He would often speak to them of the love of Jesus until the tears rolled down his cheeks. The

Brethren rejoiced that in this stranger they were now able to recognise a veritable brother in the Lord.

But the conversion of Mangek was not so remark-

JOHN BECK AND KAJARNAK.

able as that which shall now be recorded. One of the missionaries who had come out from Europe with Frederick Boehnish was John Beck, a man full of grace

and specially valuable in having rapidly acquired the Greenland tongue. One evening he was sitting in his hut patiently translating the Evangelists when the place speedily filled with a number of Greenlanders from the south. They were curious to know what was in the book upon the table. Beck read to them some passages out of the Bible referred to, and after a few words of explanation asked them pointedly whether they believed they had an immortal soul. They answered "Yes, yes;" and, in reply to another question, they told him that when their bodies died their souls would go up yonder or down in the abyss—they could not say which. Questioned as to the creation of the world, they told the missionary that they had never heard and therefore they did not know, but it must have been certainly the work of a great and opulent Lord. Then John Beck felt his heart greatly moved towards these simple inquirers, and preached to them salvation by the blood of Jesus. His words made a great impression, and amid profound silence one of the company, Kajarnak by name, stepped up to the table and in a voice trembling with emotion asked, "How is that? Tell me that once more, for I would fain be saved too."

No wonder that John Beck, in telling this incident in one of his letters, adds, "These words, the like of which I had never heard from a Greenlander before, penetrated through my very marrow and bone, and kindled my soul into such an ardour that I gave the Greenlanders a general account of our Saviour's whole life and death, and of the counsel of God for our salvation, while the tears ran down my cheeks." The effects of his words were varied; some slipped

quietly away, while others waited with imploring words that they, too, might be taught to pray and receive a blessing from God. Kajarnak, especially, promised to consider these things and come another night, joined in the prayers with the Brethren, and next day went away saying that he would now go to his tent and tell his family, and particularly his little son, what great things the Lord had done for him. "We discern," is the comment of the missionary, "more and more that Kajarnak has got a hook in his breast that he will scarce lose again."

From this time he became a regular visitor at the mission-house, and as a result of his testimony and change of life his family or tent companions, nine in number, were also brought to Christ; and three whole families of his friends came and pitched their tents near the mission buildings, so that they also might hear the word of life. Much of this affection for the Brethren and the truths they taught did not appear very lasting, however, as many of these natives went away at the time of the reindeer hunt and did not return. Poor Kajarnak was now left, almost without the means of subsistence; and much of the mocking taunts which the Brethren had endured so meekly, were now turned upon him. When they spoke despisingly of the teachers he earnestly replied, "And yet I will stay with them and hear the words of God which have now tasted so well to me." Kajarnak did his utmost to restrain the Greenlanders from their cruel customs and superstitions; many of them the Brethren had to witness, and were without power to prevent them. An old woman had died, presumably, one night, and her son according to their

custom tied her up in a skin. She began to cry out, and three times he released her to see whether she were really alive, and finally let her loose because the missionary entreated him to do so; but afterwards she was bound again and buried alive. It was observed that afterwards they made the sign of the cross on the snow everywhere as they drew her along that her spirit might not come back to disturb them. A strange relic evidently of some old Christian tradition from the ancient colony of Northmen.

After careful preparation, for these Brethren were in no hurry to make their converts profess too speedily, Kajarnak and his family were admitted by the ordinances of baptism into the Christian Church and fellowship on Easter Day, 1739, and the scene is thus briefly but strikingly described by the chronicler:—

"The minister first asked them before the whole assembly the ground of the hope that was in them, which they gave a simple account of, and promised with their heart and tongue to renounce all heathenism, to abide with their teachers, and to walk worthy of the Gospel. Thus these four first fruits of the Greenland natives were declared free from the powers of darkness, and devoted to their lawful, proper Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, during a powerful prayer and imposition of hands, and thereupon were embodied with the Christian Church by baptism into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Kajarnak received the name Samuel, his wife Anna, his son Matthew, and his daughter Aima. An amazing grace prevailed during the transactions, not only in the hearts of those then baptised, whose tears dropped like rain, but also of the beholders, who

wished to be in like manner partakers of the same blessing, with the hopes of which they were comforted, after being exhorted to surrender up their hearts to the Spirit of God. The word for the day was very significant, being Ezek. xxxvii. 26, 27 and 28, "I will make a covenant of peace with them; it shall be an everlasting covenant with them: and I will place them, and multiply them, and will set my sanctuary in the midst of them for evermore. My tabernacle also

JOHN BECK'S BIBLE.

shall be with them: yea, I will be their God, and they shall be my people. And the heathen shall know that I the Lord do sanctify Israel, when my sanctuary shall be in the midst of them for evermore."

Scarcely had this solemn dedication taken place when the event occurred which seemed for a time to destroy the happiness of the new converts. News came to the Mission that a band of murderers from the north had killed the brother-in-law of Kajarnak.

Under some deception they decoyed him into the sea at Kangek, and stabbed him to death with their harpoons. Not only so but they openly threatened to do the same to Kajarnak, and any of those in the Mission colony. Amid great consternation the ringleader of the band and some of his followers were brought to justice by the Europeans, and although he confessed three other murders they exercised great clemency in simply reading to him the twelve commandments, and setting him free again with a warning. Kajarnak, however, was greatly alarmed, and against the urgent entreaties of his friends he insisted on leaving New Herrnhut to conduct the brother of the murdered man in safety to the south. When he went they commended him to God with many tears, and were grieved to see that nearly all his people departed with him. For a whole year he was absent, but during that time, and on his return, he very earnestly testified among his fellow Greenlanders what good things the Lord had done for his soul. On one occasion when he was invited by some natives to join in a dance at the sun feast, when they welcome back the long lost sun, his reply was: "I have now another kind of joy, because another Sun, namely Jesus, is arisen in my heart. Neither have I any time for it, for I must hasten to my teachers, who will soon have a great festival to rejoice that the Creator of all things was born into the world as a poor child to redeem us."

They were astonished at his words, but tried a second time to persuade him, seeing that he had been in times past such a master of the art of dancing. But he said: "You should rather lay to heart what I have told you, for I was quite in earnest."

His useful and faithful witnessing was soon, however, to end. In the midst of his work he was taken suddenly ill, the result of a severe cold. The Brethren seeing his condition hurried to his aid. Their diary has the following entry thereupon :—"During our discourse he grew so faint he could neither hear nor see. We prayed with him, and during the prayer he came again to himself, and directly began himself to pray in the midst of the most acute pains, so heartily and confidently, that we and all the Greenlanders, standing about him, were amazed. After that he found some mitigation. He was again seized so violently that his breathing was often quite stopped. Yet amid the greatest agonies his carriage and mien was composed and solid, and when his domestics would talk to him about earthly affairs, he desired them not to encumber his heart with such things, for he had our Saviour constantly in his heart and mind. When they once began to weep, he said: 'Don't be grieved about me. Have you not often heard that believers when they die go to our Saviour and partake of His eternal joy? You know that I am the first of you that was converted by our Saviour, and now it is His will that I should be the first to go to Him. If you are faithful to the end we shall see one another again before the throne of the Lord, and rejoice for ever at the grace He has conferred on us.'"

After only six days' illness he passed peacefully to his rest, and four Greenland boys carried him to the new burying-place of the colony, and by the grave the whole company knelt, while one of them spoke from the text, "I am the resurrection and the life."

VIEW OF LICHTENFELS IN GREENLAND.

CHAPTER XI.

GOD'S WORK GOES ON.

"From duty's post, He beckoned to their rest
The weary workers, glad to seek repose;
While others filled their place with quickened zeal,
And thus the fabric of His purpose rose."

IN the spring of the year, 1747, the little Christian community at New Herrnhut built their first church, the wooden framework of which, wrought by loving hands at home, was carefully brought from Europe. This, their first permanent place of worship, proved invaluable, for they were now able to gather within its walls quite three hundred persons. To the natives it was a marvellous structure, for the Greenland religion had no notion of public gatherings for worship. The missionaries aimed now to arrange and consolidate their position, and utilise the native workers who had been baptised, and who were showing

both a desire and a fitness for helpfulness in the conversion of others. In this little church of believers, whatever other things they had to contend with, pride was scarcely a temptation, for all were alike poor, and living from hand to mouth upon the hazardous fishery on the coast. But theirs was the discipline of suffering together, and the trials they bore produced a spirit of fellowship and brotherly love. These troubles were ever recurring.

The winters of 1752 and 1753 were terribly cold, even for Greenland. The Danish settlement of Egede's Minde (in memory of Egede) suffered much, but the weather seems to have been still worse at New Herrnhut. The oldest native could not remember such a time before. All the inlets were a solid mass of ice, so that the kayaks could not float, and for weeks the cold was so keen that the Greenlanders were afraid to venture from the shelter of their houses of snow, lest they should be frozen to death in the open. Then a fearful hurricane swept over the district, carrying all before it like chaff; and in its wake followed a pestilence which laid low hundreds of these afflicted people.

Still they bore their woes with the patience God gives to men. The survivors went about with the missionaries doing what they could for their fellows. Extreme cold had driven the people to retreat to the inmost part of their houses, and in one of these small places fifteen were found piled one upon another to keep themselves warm, and were so faint with hunger that they could not speak to those who came to help them.

Through the death of so many adults at this time, the Mission had to make some certain provision for

the orphan children, whom they cared for, and taught useful trades as they grew up. These missionaries were being gladdened by many cases of real conversion. A notable case was that of a man named Kainack, who, so far back as 1739, heard the good news of a Saviour's love from the Brethren who were then new to their work in the country. He was of what is considered a noble family, that is to say he could boast of a father, grandfather, and great-grandfather who had been renowned seal catchers. Though much impressed by what he had heard, he was not prepared to risk his reputation by joining what was the sect everywhere spoken against. For in Greenland, as in Greece, and most places of respectability elsewhere, a profession of Christianity, pure and undefiled, was not fashionable. Kainack, to rid his conscience of these prickings, rushed into a wild and disgraceful manner of life. He was specially bitter against the teachers of the religion which had so unsettled him; beat their converts when he could get the chance, and on one occasion threatened the missionaries with death by fire if they did not deliver up to him a poor woman who had fled to them for protection against his violence. However, it turned out in the providence of God that this same woman was to be the means of his salvation. She became his wife, brought him to the meetings, and he was soundly converted to God. They were baptised together by the Brethren, and his next step was to bring to the settlement his servants and relations to hear the same Gospel, which in his own life and character had proved such a saving power. They in turn were so affected, that most of them presented themselves

EGEDE'S MINDE IN WINTER.

for baptism. Kainack lived a quiet and consistent life, the old spirit of recklessness being driven out of him; and when his death came suddenly, there was great lamentation as for a brother greatly beloved.

The Greenland Christians showed their sincerity by a readiness to sympathise with their fellow-members elsewhere. News came to New Herrnhut of the destruction of the Brethren's settlement at Guadenhütten, among the North American Indians. When they were told in the church meeting of the sufferings and poverty of the Indians they broke into loud weeping, and rose up one after another to offer help. "I have a fine reindeer skin," says one, "which I will give." "And I," said another, "will send them these warm boots," while a third offered a seal, his sole treasure, as something for them both to eat and burn. Everywhere there were signs of religious awakening.

The missionaries now began to look further afield to establish a second settlement. Matthew Stach, who had retired to Copenhagen from the work to spend his last years in peace, hearing of their need, volunteered to go back to Greenland to help the Brethren, and in 1758 came, with two brothers, to Fisher's Bay, where they laid the foundations of Lichtenfels, or "the Light of the Rock." Once more the story of the hardships of pioneer work were endured. An earthquake shook the ground, tempests of drifting ice threatened the settlement with destruction, and one day about Christmas-time, when the sun was shining in splendour, huge balls of fire flashed through the air, and falling on the earth burned furiously for some time. This was hardly an acceptable place

to make a home in, one would affirm, and yet it became a very Bethel as time passed on. Within a year, two hundred persons had come to live there, and the work of God wonderfully prospered. The sailors who came to the trading station near, said that the Greenlanders acted much more like Christians than the Europeans at home. Here is a little peep into one of their meetings, as seen through the telescope of the chronicle of Crantz.

"Grace powerfully approved itself among them, and preserved them in obedience, love and peace together.

"Everyone comes to it with eagerness of heart. In the evening meeting our dear Saviour was exceeding near to us. When I had done speaking, some people propounded several questions, the explication of which, and the relation of many circumstances, took up more time than the discourse itself. The text was Acts xvii. 30: '*The times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.*'

"Some new hymns were also translated. When they were made known, an uncommon desire to learn them, and a blessed operation upon their hearts, was visible. The most of them were taken out of the meditations of the ever memorable Count Christian Renatus de Zinzendorf, found after his happy departure, such as, 'Though my poverty's unfathomable, etc.' 'My heart's inclination is a deep prostration at my Saviour's pain, etc.,' and in particular the hymn,

"'The impression deep of what my Friend
Has done for me, for me,
How true to me his heart's inclined,
Be ever seen in me!

'He knows that where I all my days
Through lonely places toss'd,
Still of that sweet Jesus likeness,
Nought thereby would be lost.'"

"This last was of singular weight to the Greenlanders, and was often sung by them with wet eyes, when they were obliged in the summer to be away from their teachers, and to spend whole weeks, nay, months, alone upon an island, or at least, with no other company than that of heathens. In such cases it is very certain that nothing but the continual remembrance of what God has bestowed upon us, and the sweet wondrous deed which He performed in paying such a costly price for us, is able to preserve a heart from indifference, levity, and being swept away by the torrent of sin in the world."

If this was the happy state of the believers at Lichtenfels, surely the effect of the Gospel upon the unconverted was not less marked. Crantz, then on a visit to Greenland for the purpose of writing his history, witnessed with interest the spiritual struggle going on in the hearts of the listeners. "It shocked me," he said, "to see many of them pierced to the heart, so that they trembled, snuffed and blew like a frightened deer, and, sometimes like a man in strong convulsions, tugged their coat and boots in order to stifle their convictions; and as soon as the preaching was over ran off in haste lest the subject should be more closely applied to them."

The next extension of the work was the establishing of Lichtenau, a more southern settlement, not far from Cape Farewell; the first Brethren to take charge thereof being John Soerensen and Gottfried Grillich.

The former after forty-nine years of faithful service returned to Europe in his eightieth year, the other remaining some time afterwards in the work.

Brother Brodersen, who acted as superintendent of the whole Mission, brought a printing press with him, and struck off copies of portions of the Old Testament, and also some hymns in the Greenland tongue.

That faithful missionary Frederick Boehnish, after twenty-nine years of labour in the Greenland mission-field, died on the 29th of July, 1763, and was the first missionary whose body was committed to the earth in that country. The following is an extract from the record of his last hours:—"On the 12th July, attempting, in company with a Greenlander, to use some exercise, and to take some fresh air in a field, as he was descending from a rock, he was seized with a dizziness, and falling down, was wounded in the head. He was now obliged to take to his bed. He soon signified not only his desire, but likewise his full assurance that he should soon go home; he sighed often to our Saviour, but was composed and happy, though he could not speak much. But in the night of 16th July, he seemed to recover his vivacity and speech, so as to be able to converse with his colleague, who watched with him, about several matters. He then called for his wife, who was also sick, and had a hearty, meek, and humble conversation with her, recommending her and their children to the care and protection of the Lord, and at last laid his hand on her, and his youngest son, lately born, and imparted his blessing to them. We presented him some bread and wine for refreshment; this made him recollect the great grace and favour of having administered

the Sacrament to the believing Greenlanders, and at the same time, he most ardently implored our Saviour's pardon for every omission in his office and calling. And when his colleague put him in mind of our Saviour's gentleness and tenderness, he replied, 'Oh, yes! that is true, so He has ever approved Himself to me.' From that time, he spent the remaining moments in still conversations with his Lord, of which we could understand some broken sentences. 'Our Saviour pays me frequent visits, and will soon fetch me home.'

"24th July, he received the Holy Sacrament for the last time, and then lay mostly in a constant slumber till 28th July, when he once more joined in singing some verses, treating of the happiness of being with the Lord.

"On the 29th July, he said with a broken voice, 'My dear Saviour is now come to take me home,' and at four o'clock in the afternoon, the moment came when he gave up his soul unto his faithful Creator and Redeemer, during a happy departure—liturgy held by the Brethren present—in the 54th year of his age, twenty-nine years of which he had spent in the service of the Greenland congregation, and twenty-three in a contented and happy marriage, which had been blessed with eight children."

So God buries His workmen, but His work goes on. It was so in Greenland, for others came to fill the place of the departed, and the work spread far and wide.

Some trouble was caused by a decision of the Danish Government, that it was not favourable to trade that so many Greenlanders should live in one district, so the natives were distributed along the

coast, which entailed much visitation, and a native evangelist had to be told off to the special duty of journeying to and fro among them.

The history of the work in Greenland, during recent years, has been uneventful, but for a long time the Danish Missionary Society and the Moravian Brethren have been working together with considerable success. Christianity is everywhere in evidence; the old barbarities of heathenism are abolished, and in their place, the sweeter manners and happier spirit of the Kingdom of God are seen. Recent travellers attest to the reality of the change. Much, doubtless, remains to be done, for association with European civilisation has not been an unmixed good. More workers are still wanted, who will give themselves to these people with the abundant Christ love which they displayed, whose lives are portrayed in the foregoing pages. And in God's good time, not daybreak only, but the full meridian glory of the Sun of Righteousness will shine amid Greenland snows.

THE END.

Theology Library
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT
AG139

LORIMER AND GILLIES, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

A6139

E
99
E7
P13

Page, Jesse.
Amid Greenland snows: or, The Early histo
of Arctic missions. New York, Fleming H. R
[n.d.]
x, 11-160p. incl. front., illus., plates
ports. 19cm.

1. Eskimos--Missions. 2. Missions--Green
3. Egede, Hans Poulsen, 1686-1758. I. Titl

16139

CCSC/ehw

F.M.R.